

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

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DO THE DAY'S WORK IS  
SAID TO BE THE MOTTO  
OF THE PRESIDENT..  
WHETHER THAT BE TRUE  
OR NOT · IT IS A GOOD  
MOTTO AND WORTHY OF  
A PRESIDENT.. DO THE  
DAY'S WORK! BE THANK-  
FUL THAT YOU HAVE WORK TO DO—THAT  
YOU ARE ABLE TO WORK · · THE MAN  
WHO CANNOT WORK OR HAS NO WORK—  
WHETHER HE BE RICH OR POOR—IS SELDOM  
HAPPY · · IN IDLENESS MEN LIKE  
MACHINES RUST OUT

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE



MEMORIAL DAY NUMBER



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**PERRY MASON COMPANY**  
The Youth's Companion  
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#### HYPOCHONDRIASIS

**H**YPOCHONDRIASIS is a disease in which a person is unduly preoccupied with his physical condition and feels intense anxiety regarding various disorders that he imagines to exist. Such sufferers have often indulged themselves too freely in the pleasures of the table, and a guilty conscience fixes their attention upon the liver as supposedly the first of the organs to pay the price of their self-indulgence. That the liver lies just beneath the ribs, or in the hypochondriac region of the body, has indeed given the disease its name.

In some cases there is no foundation in fact for the sufferer's anxiety; the symptoms that distress him are simply the little aches and pains that all of us experience now and again or those sensations that everyone has who is convinced that some part of his body is unsound and lets his mind dwell continually on the thought. In some cases, however, disease is present, but the main trouble comes from exaggerating it and worrying about it.

Hypochondriasis may occur in either sex, but is more usual in men; the manifestation of the disturbance in women is rather of the hysterical nature. The symptoms defy enumeration. They are usually, but not always, sensory. Abnormal sensation of every kind—pains, numbness, pins and needles in hands or feet, muscular twitchings, tremor of the arms or of the head, weakness of the legs, dyspepsia, nausea, dizziness, palpitations, intermittent heart beats, and so forth—may one or all be complained of at one time or another and will be the cause of extreme alarm. The patient will regard them as sure indications of impending or present apoplexy, heart disease, Bright's disease, fatty liver, cancer or some other serious malady. There is no special treatment, for each case is a problem in itself, but the general question of dealing with the disease will be discussed in a future article.

#### HE HAD TO BRING IT ALL HOME.

**T**HE clerk stood nervously in front of the managing director. "Please, sir," he said, "I have come to ask if you will be good enough to give me an increase of salary."

"I suppose you base the request upon the fact that you recently got married," replied the great man.

The employee shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and gazed round the room for a moment. "Not exactly, sir," he said nervously; "I'm not really dissatisfied with my pay, but the trouble is, you see, my wife has found out exactly how much I get."

*Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1913.*

The Youth's Companion, published weekly at Concord, New Hampshire, for April 1st, 1925.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles E. Kelsey, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the owners of the Youth's Companion and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership and management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—Perry Mason Company, 881 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.; Editor—Ira R. Kent, Brookline, Mass.; Business Managers—MacGregor Jenkins, Boston, Mass.; Chas. E. Kelsey, Newton Centre, Mass.; J. W. Vinal, Boston, Mass.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Boston Five Cent Savings Bank, Boston, Mass.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of April, 1925. Joseph W. Vinal, Notary Public.

(My commission expires Oct. 9th, 1930.)



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## THE YOUTH'S



## COMPANION

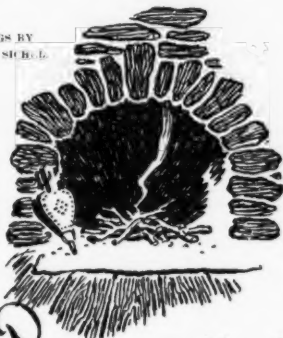
THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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HEARTH FIRES  
TO CONTENTDRAWINGS BY  
HAROLD SCHULZ

By  
Gertrude  
West  
I.  
The Kindling

"WELL, if my eyes don't fool me," said Dan Avery with a laugh, "that's old Winesap Bales coming up the road." Al Quillen, sitting in the sunshine south of the apple house, sorting the great golden globes that were the finest fall apples grown on Colonel Avery's farm, looked up with mild curiosity on his smiling, puckered old face. "Winesap?" he repeated. "Did ye say Winesap? That ain't no shore-fer-certain name now, is it, boy?"

Dan laughed again. "No," he said, "but if I ever knew what his real name is, I've forgotten it. Phyllis and I gave him that title when we were kids. He's picked apples for father ever since I can remember."

"Heckadoodle," observed the old man. "Drifts, I s'pose, 'tween seasons."

His eyes, foraging down the autumn road, found the figure that Dan had already sighted—a tall, rangy, slightly stooped figure bearing vaguely the stamp of raw-boned age and yet swinging along like one accustomed to "foot-faring." In the blue October afternoon the moving figure had an air of hurrying expectancy.

"Jist circlin' round, makin' the same old stoppin' place every fall fer, say, twenty year," mused Al. "Sounds like a clock, don't it, youngster?"

"It does," agreed Dan. He laughed once more his easy laugh. "And Winesap, he's something like that too, Uncle Al—an old run-down clock hard to start and easy to stop with just one hour that he is sure to strike, and that's apple-picking time."

Al chuckled. "Well," he said, "as to that most every man has got some particular hour he strikes louder'n the rest of 'em. This Winesap, as ye call him, he'll find considerable change here at the place since you and yer father took to runnin' it tergether, eh, youngster?"

"I'll say," agreed Dan emphatically. There was a satisfied sparkle in the young gray eyes as he glanced over the big-stretching farm.

Things were different, there was no doubt of that, since that time weeks before when the Quillens, journeying to Bethel in their white-topped wagon, had stopped at the Maples and first seen Dan. No longer did Dan find nothing good in his father's well-tried ways of farming; no longer did Colonel Avery look askance at every suggestion of his son's. Al's quiet counsel had reconciled man and boy, and Colonel Avery, realizing his debt for that counsel and his need of Al and Sary in the year of change to follow, had persuaded them to take over one of the tenant houses and for a time to abandon their wandering life.

Now the compromise between the old order and the new was working well. Some

of the old tenants had gone, and in their place had come three young, enthusiastic followers of the new farming creed, like Dan himself, as eager as he to try out their own theories. Sary, grateful for gay voices and faces about once more, was cheerfully housing the three and feeding them with all the art of her gentle hands. The old couple were a happy, busy pair those days, but to that hurrying figure coming up the autumn road the change would be a strange and momentous thing—not merely the turning of the wheels of progress, but rather as if his leisurely clock of time had been set too far ahead.

The man turned into the open orchard with its sweet-smelling gold and crimson and sun-kindled scarlet among green and yellowing leaves and came round the apple shed. One saw sharp, reddened eyes under tufted gray brows and straight lines all running down in a lean old face.

"Hello," he said gruffly. "I see you've begun pickin'."

He spoke to Dan, but he looked at Al with hostility, as a cross old dog might look at another that had strayed cheerfully upon his premises. In his next words to Dan the thorn in his voice pricked sharply: "Don't need no more help, I s'pose?" All the fine scorn in the slurring little question was for Al.

Dan smiled genially at the gruff old caller. "Of course we do, Winesap." The pleasant courtesy of his friendly voice wrought a softening even in the questioner's sour face. "There's always a place for you in father's orchard at picking time. You know that."

"Jist thought maybe ye'd made other arrangements," replied the other dryly.

With another spiteful glance toward Al he threw down the baggy sweater and the bundle that he was carrying and took swift hold of the work as readily as he might have taken up a task left over from the day before.

"Sort of an unhappy face he's got, though," thought Al as he gave the newcomer a cheerful nod of fellowship. "Sort of hard and cross like. Whatever soft spots he's got inside ain't never broke out on him."

But that there were soft spots within, the little old philosopher never doubted, and before night he thought he had discovered one of them. As Winesap Bales went up and down the rows of the laden beautiful orchard there was something different about his step and in his face a sort of odd content—the look of one home again after long wandering. There was a loving gentleness about the way he handled the apples that passed through his hands.

"That's an apple man," Al thought



"Apples is apples, Bales," said Al after a long moment, "an' young folks is young folks"

sympathetically. "If life had been good to him, he'd have had an orchard of his own, and them 'ere lines in his face, they'd have been p'intin' up instid of down, but as 'tis he has to find content in Avery's orchard. It's queer, but I reckon apples hes took the place of wife and children and friends with him."

Once when Mike Ellis, the slimmest and gayest of Dan's three young contemporaries, emptied a basket of choice Jonathans with a little more gusto than was necessary Winesap frowned sharply as if from physical pain.

"Here, kid," he called gruffly, "them ain't boulders you're handlin'."

"Do tell!" drawled Mike comically. With the thoughtlessness of youth he made light of the shabby stranger's self-imposed authority. "Oh, boys," he called gleefully to the others, "step lively now. Mr. Avery's just put in a new manager."

"Now there it goes," observed Colonel Avery irritably, strolling up to Al's side. "There is bound to be friction between my men and Dan's. Of course," he conceded, "Bales is an old grouch, but he knows apples, and youth is much too uppish these days."

Al nodded regretfully. "But it's jist a lack of understandin' all round, colonel," he said sympathetically. "These boys don't step to bossin' any more, and Bales—there ain't room fer more than one thing in some hearts, colonel, and his is all stored with apples. I reckon he's seen this orchard grow up shoot and saplin', and maybe to him it's been like raisin' a child."

"Maybe so," agreed Colonel Avery in an oddly softened voice. "That is like you, Al." He shot one swift prideful glance toward his daughter Phyllis, who had flitted after her father; she was slim and lovely, as bright and light as the gay leaves the autumn breeze was bringing down. "To a childless man, Al, it might be like that, but all the same I foresee a good deal of friction between Bales and these youngsters."

Phyllis, brown-eyed, bright-haired, had perched herself on an apple barrel and set up a lively chatter with Dan and Mike. It was mostly colorful plans for a masked party at the colonel's house on Halloween—plans to

which Al listened with the same gentle pleasure with which he might have watched a butterfly or smelled a lilac.

When Bales came to the shed Phyllis greeted him winsomely. "Oh, hello, Mr. Bales. I knew you'd be coming in one of these days. Father couldn't pick apples without you!"

"Howdy," replied old Winesap shortly. He passed by her sweet girl face without a glance, and Al marveled.

"He's seen her grow up too," thought the old man. "All these years he's been here with Dan and Phyllis, babies, little shavers and teens, and yet he don't love nothin' but the orchard. Heckadoodle!"

That night the talk round Sary's supper table held a false note. Fun-loving Mike, Tip Caldwell, the chunky, drawling one, and good-looking Allen Harris, tall and quaintly humorous, as a rule "let out a bit" after the day's work was done and made supper in the Quillen cottage the hilarious meal of the day. But tonight in the extra place at the table Winesap Bales in his curt, morose way dampened everything, and the mischief-making young fellows themselves had not forgotten the newcomer's gruff orders of the afternoon. It was, "Tip, pass the new manager the potatoes," from Mike, and with all gravity from Allen, "Mike, I'll thank you for the stewed boulders," until Sary, who never stamped her foot, nevertheless tapped authoritatively with her soft old lady's shoe.

"It ain't real courteous, boys," she reproved them after the meal was over, "pokin' fun at anybody that's breakin' bread with us, and an old man at that. We'll hev no more of it."

The young men flocking round apologized sincerely and promised that there should be no more of it at her table. "But I wish they'd feed him somewhere else, Aunt Sary," grumbled Mike boyishly. "He'll spoil our jolly meals."

Perhaps the wise colonel realized that such constant association was likely to foster friction between the old and the new régime. At any rate on the second day he moved Winesap up to his own table.

"He has always stayed with us," he explained to Al. "There's no use rubbing things in by sending him off with those scatter-brained boys. Besides, your wife has enough to cook for."

And Al, nodding wisely, agreed. "Not presuming to dictate, colonel," he said, "but 'twould be fer the best."

Those were busy days but not too full of work for the still wonder of October to sift through every hour of them. The orchard was a drowsy place of filtered gold on frosted grass, straight wagon trails that led between dipping boughs and the cider-sweet fruity spice of the wealth of fruit that was being garnered.

Al, at the grading machine, thought that Tip and Allen and Mike were doing remarkably well with their part of the work, but Winesap grumbled jealously at every big smooth apple that was culled because of bruises. "I reckon up to the agricultural college they teach 'em to maul apples up this way," he said scornfully. "Avery might as well turn in the stock and hog the crop down."

Al went on humming his Sacramento tune:

"Fer there's plenty of gold, so I've been told,  
On the banks of the Sacramento."

It was no feat for his happy, childlike fancy to fit that phrase to the abundance of great golden apples all about him. For the time being the orchard with its glimmering horde was his Sacramento.

Mike Ellis came striding by, joining his own whistle in a new jazzy variation of Al's singsong tune. "Colonel wants you up at the house, Uncle Al," he announced; "I suppose he's going to give you your time," he added jocularly.

"My time ain't ever been anybody's but my own yet," retorted Al in the same vein, "and I hope," he ended quaintly, "I ain't never misused the good hours the Almighty's give me."

Then he tucked a couple of choice apples into his coat pocket and went trotting away toward the big white Avery house up the slope. A door opened from the back porch into a long hall that ran the width of the big house to the wide front doors. As Al slipped into the rear door he cackled softly and uttered a subdued, "Heckadoodle."

The dignified old hall had been turned into as spooky a place as could be imagined. Black cardboard bats hovered about the ceiling; cobwebs, woven of twine, had been spun in the corners, with enormous wool spiders enmeshed in them, and a black-mantled scarecrow witch with a witch-mask face and a hump peered from her tilted broom.

Down the hall over a shock of fodder appeared the colonel's rumped gray head, and at sight of Al he came out in his shirt sleeves, chuckling. "Phyllis has been pressing me into service, getting ready for her party tomorrow night," he explained, rolling down his sleeves, "but I can't spare her any more time. I'm obliged to leave, Al, for a few days on business," he went on more soberly, "and this is what I sent for you about. I've left Winesap Bales in charge of the apple picking while I'm away."

Al nodded. "He's the man fer the job all right, colonel," he agreed generously.

"Huh," said the colonel dryly, "I don't know about that. Of course he knows more about apples than all the rest of us put together, but—I don't know," he broke off irritably, "just why I did it; whether I thought he'd look after the rest of the crop best, or whether it was sort of a dab at these youngsters for throwing it into the old fellow. Every glib, cocksure thing they say to Winesap is a thrust at our day and our ways, Al. They think they know it all, Dan included. It won't hurt 'em to take orders from Winesap a few days."

Al smiled and rubbed his stubby white beard. "It ain't meant fer impudence, though, colonel," he maintained gently. "It's just the way of youth."

"Maybe so," agreed Avery. "Maybe so, Al, but just the same I've left Winesap in charge of the orchard; but"—he smiled grimly—"I'll leave you in charge of the oil supply, Al. There'll be some oil required on the waters I daresay before the first day's over."

The colonel had stamped upstairs to make ready for his train, and Al was starting leisurely down to the orchard once more when Phyllis appeared; the sleeves of her scarlet flannel "middy" were rolled high, and her happy face was flushed and eager. "O Uncle Al," she called, "please, please, won't you

help me make jacks out of these pumpkins in the shed? I've been trying, but the rinds are so tough, and everyone is so busy. Dan says wait, but there isn't any time to wait. And when I asked Mike awhile ago he put on his most superior air and said: 'Nothing doing, young lady. My time belongs to the orchard just now.'"

Al cackled. "Good fer Mike," he said, "but me now—course there's the apples to care fer, but"—he twinkled suddenly into Phyllis's coaxing face—"we can have an apple crop most any year, and youth don't come but onct. Trot out your pun'kins and let's git to work, Winsome."

For Al, with small regard for given names, was likely to coin one more fitting to his fancy for everyday use, and he had christened Phyllis Winsome.

The pumpkins kept the two busy through the morning; and when Al went down to the

striped Ben Davis apples when five o'clock, the usual quitting time, found the four young men unharnessing teams and piling ladders with unusual anticipatory haste.

"Big time tonight!" cackled Al gayly, looking on. "A hard day's work and a hard evenin's play. That's the way to do things. I'm bettin' on a spooky time tonight."

"If they was worth their salt they'd finish these here apples 'fore they quit," snarled Winesap. "The crows has been flockin' all day, an' it's too warm fer anything but a weather breeder."

"But there's chores to do," protested Al, "an' Phyllis and her ma needs some help with last things up to the house. The boys'll have to clean up. It'll keep 'em hoppin' now to get ready fer the party 'fore the company comes."

"Oh, the party!" snorted Winesap. "Yes, the party. When I's a boy I had to work too

"Apples is apples, Bales," said Al after a long moment, "an' young folks is young folks. Course we're in duty bound to save the crops the Almighty sends us. Waste, Bales, willful waste, I've always thought a sin. But the good Lord sent us somethin' else 'sides apples; somethin' else that brightens this world more'n the reddest orchard that ever was; an' that's boys and girls. When we take youngsters and make of them beasts of burden we'll take the joy out of toil fer 'em. 'Stid of men they'll be slaves."

Bales shuffled; a curious uncertainty began to soften his stern eyes.

"Things in the beginnin', Bales," Al went on, "was fixed so we had a rainbow with our clouds, stars in the night an' a little pleasure 'long with our hard labor. Maybe him that don't hev both gits cheated a little by life, Bales, but that's no reason he should cheat somebody else."

"But the apples," protested Bales with a new found hesitancy.

Al laughed softly. "Well, you and me now, Bales," he hinted, "a night's sleep ain't with much to us; not nigh what this party's wuth to Dan and Mike and the rest. Between us we could clean up that orchard slick as a weasel by, say, twelve o'clock an' let the youngsters go on with their party. S'pose we do it, Bales?"

It was very still in the orchard. A gloom of shadow lay under the trees, and pale glades of silver ran between the rows.

"Heckadoodle, I feel like a night owl," observed Al as he mounted agilely into the dusky limbs. "I allus thought I'd like to be a bird, comin' an' goin' at will."

"A man gits old at it, though," said Winesap bleakly through the glimmer of softly stirring leaves. "I'd thought to ask Avery fer a year-round job this fall, but—these young fellows an' me don't git on."

Al broke in cheerily upon the bitter voice. "You wait, Bales," counseled his discouraged companion; "you wait till mornin'. I'll fess up; I thought, myself, the spark of youth hed burned out in ye, but this night's work has showed me different; and where that spark is sooner or later young hearts'll kindle to it. The fires of friendship, like any other fires, have to have kindlin', Bales. You wait till mornin'."

The lightning played nearer while one after another the laden trees gave up their treasure to the hurrying hands of the two old men. Far up overhead swung the white-ringed moon. Down from the glowing house above them drifted the bright, swift thrumming of young music. Al's blithe whistle fell in with it, and a moment later he cocked his head wisely at a faint hesitant pipe from a near-by tree. In a shrill diffident way Winesap Bales himself had caught up the thread of music and was whistling the tune of youth.

It froze before morning. The rain came like a summer storm shortly after midnight, and the howling wind flung after a blustering hour to the north. Dan Avery, jumping determinedly out of bed after what seemed like ten minutes of sleep, faced the cold dawn and saw with a start of consternation ice in the water trough. He summoned Mike in haste.

"Mike, if I'd ever dreamed of freezing weather, we'd have finished last night and hang the party," he declared penitently.

Hurriedly the two set off for the orchard. In the first light the apple trees stood cold and still. Yellow leaves were coming down, but one tree was as bare of fruit as another. There were no frozen Ben Davises clinging reproachfully to the boughs.

The young men looked at each other. It was not hard for them to put two and two together. "Winesap could have ordered us out to finish them," said Dan quietly.

"But he didn't," said Mike.

Their keen young faces softened strangely; in that moment the gruff veteran of the old order became suddenly to them not merely a disagreeable fossil but an old man with a heart beneath his crusty manner.

Al, trotting innocently out from his own gate, as rosy as if fresh from unbroken sleep, hailed the two. "Heckadoodle!" said he, wide-eyed at sight of the fruitless trees. "Heckadoodle!"

"I wouldn't have thought it of Bales," said Dan. A new respect showed in his voice.

"Well, now," said Al blithely, "well, now, youngster, ye'll find there's old men as well as young who don't misuse authority."

Stooping to hide his twinkle, he began breaking twigs from one deadening limb that the night wind had brought down. "There's nothin'," said he guilelessly, "nothin' so good as a friendly old orchard fer kindlin'."

## UNCLE SAM'S SERVANTS

### An Intelligence Test

Those who are tired of cross-word puzzles may find a few moments' amusement in the following brief version of the Bible story of the fall of Jericho. It contains the initials of all the Presidents of the United States in the order of their terms of service. If you can find them without consulting any book, you can plume yourself on being more than usually familiar with American history.

Here is the story:

WALKING ACROSS JORDAN, MANY MEN APPROACHED JERICHO. VAST BARRICADES HINDERED THE PEOPLE. TO FURTHER POSSESSION, BOLD LEADER JOSHUA GAINED HIS GROUND AND CIRCLED HIS CITY MANY KILOMETRES. RAPIDLY THOSE WALLS HAVE CRUMBLED.

apple shed again after dinner he found the orchard in all but open mutiny.

"Why father ever gave Winesap a chance to lord it over us as he is doing is beyond me!" declared Dan wrathfully. "Anyone would think Mike and the rest of us were six-year-olds. I tell you, Uncle Al, Winesap's just getting back at us for not taking his bossing since he's been here. He's just the sort to abuse his authority."

Al shook his head. "Jist stop and think a minute, youngster," he bade the other in kindly reproof, "what would you or Mike or the rest of 'em have done if yer father hed left any of ye in charge of Winesap?"

Dan flushed; he did stop and think for a long moment; then he raised clear eyes to those of the old man. "Uncle Al," he said, "I do honestly believe if any of us had been left in charge we'd have been square with Winesap. Of course we've ragged him. We did that, I guess, without thinking, but a fellow in authority can't be petty; it's a matter of honor to be just."

Al beamed. "Youngster," he said, "one of these days ye're goin' to be a man. Ye're p'inted that way; you and Mike and all of 'em; but, Dan, this world ain't been over kind to Winesap. He ain't had half a chanct to be kind and generous, Dan. We've got to make 'lowances."

They did make allowances generously after that. Al in his heart was inordinately proud of the manner his lads for the rest of the day met Winesap's surly tyranny. And when the three young men said good night to the old couple and were ready to flock up the stairs to their sleeping room Sary looked up over Phyllis's black cambric robe, on which she was sewing scarlet moons, and spoke with gentle approval. "I'm real glad," she said, "that you've decided to act like grown-up young men instead of schoolboys."

They laughed in some confusion, but they were pleased. "Aunt Sary," said Mike, "you're a peach."

And the next day the three, and Dan with them, gave the same quiet attention to Winesap's gruff orders as had marked the previous afternoon.

They were nearing the end of the season's work. Only two rows of unpicked trees remained of the colonel's fine, beautifully

hard and too late to 'tend parties. Long as the colonel says five o'clock is quittin' time I can't say nothin', but if I hed my way these apples would be finished tonight, party or no party."

The sun sank into mist; night settled; far to the southwest played a belated summery flicker of lightning. Al, sitting with Sary beside his cheery hearth, heard the high eerie notes of wild geese honking over the roof. He got up, pulled on his boots and peered out into the night weather. A nearer glimmer of lightning flickered in his eyes; overhead a pale moon hung in a white wheel of mist.

"Think I'll take a look round the place 'fore I turn in," he called back to Sary and shut the door behind him.

Leaving his own gate, Al turned toward the big window-jeweled house blazing in the darkness up the slope. Bright, swift, thistle-down music floated from it. He started in surprise as, with gaze fixed on the windows, he overtook a hunched hurrying figure in the path ahead. "Why—that you, Bales?" called Al cheerfully. "Where ye headed?"

Winesap swung round. There was a hard glitter in his eyes; his down-drawn lips were determined. "Things'll be froze up by mornin'," said he. "I know the signs. I'm goin'," he declared defiantly, "to clear them rattle-brained boys out of them fool costumes and them baby games and put 'em to cleanin' up that orchard 'fore the best of the Ben Davis is ruined."

"Heckadoodle," said old Al mildly, "all of that?" He trotted on jauntily beside the taller figure. "Pick 'em by lantern light, I s'pose?" he suggested.

"By lantern light," repeated Winesap shortly. "It'll freeze 'fore mornin'."

They had come to the front of the big house now, and Al put out his hand and stopped the other before the wide blazing windows. "Wait a minute, Bales," he said. "Look a-there."

Young figures were flitting against the light. Phyllis, with her mask dangling, her face a rose above the black cambric and her hair a skein of russet gold beneath her tall peaked cap, was framed, a shining picture of happy youth, before the two pairs of old eyes. Mike was a dancing clown, Dan a gypsy in a scarlet sash.



# RAISING WHEAT FOR THE WORLD MARKET

By Theo. D. Hammatt



EARLY in the crop year of 1924-25 trade estimates of the wheat crop of the United States reached 900,000,000 bushels. For as large a crop we must look back to 1919. In 1923 the outturn was only 785,000,000 bushels. During the first week of December, 1924, the average price of all classes and grades of wheat in the five principal primary markets was \$1.55 a bushel as contrasted with \$1.06 for the same period in 1923. From these figures anyone with an optimistic disposition can calculate a value for the present crop more than \$500,000,000 in excess of the value of the crop for the year before. Such an advance calculation of the gain that will finally be realized may be but little better than a guess, but it is certain that on thousands of farms scattered through Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas the additional income derived from the wheat sold during the fall of 1924, as compared with that sold during the fall of 1923, ran from ten to twenty dollars an acre, and in the



aggregate such farms had millions of acres in wheat. What this means to the farmers need not be enlarged upon to be appreciated.

In the glow of satisfaction that these conditions induce the recollection that the last preceding period of high prices—1917 to 1920—so far from strengthening the financial position of the wheat growers left many on the verge of bankruptcy comes as a decided shock. The war-time boom proved a boomerang. Indeed, the low prices of the late nineties had no such disastrous aftermath as the high prices that followed the armistice. The reason for the present upturn of prices seems clear; namely, that the large absorption made possible by very low prices removed a large part of the surplus stocks from trade channels just before the time when sharply diminished production in Canada and unfavorable crop conditions in western Europe drove many buyers into our market. A situation so favorable for American wheat growers may not soon come again. That raises the question whether in the long run it will be profitable for farmers in the United States to continue to produce large quantities of wheat for export.

Sketched on broad lines, the shift in production during the last decade was from east to west. Russian crops, which had furnished an average annual exportable surplus of approximately 165,000,000 bushels prior to the war, fell below the limits of Russian requirements. In Europe the withdrawal of man power from agriculture during the war and the chaotic conditions accompanying the return of peace seriously curtailed production. In sharp contrast western production increased by leaps and bounds. From the four chief exporting countries, Canada, the United States, Argentina and Australia, the average annual shipments during the prewar period 1910-14 and the postwar period 1920-23 were respectively 335,000,000 bushels and 720,000,000 bushels. Their larger exports made up not only for the withdrawal of Russia from foreign markets but also in large measure for the reduced production of Europe outside Russia. Evidently then the acreage now being devoted to wheat in exporting countries is capable in a fairly favorable season of furnishing importing countries with a volume of supplies that they will be capable of purchasing only at a low level of prices, and in exceptionally favorable years with an amount they will be willing to take only at very low prices. In addition western Europe may confidently be expected to give greater attention to the production of bread grains in the immediate future than it has given to them in recent years, and the eventual resumption of exports by Russia, the natural food base of western Europe, is generally regarded as altogether probable.

A glance at the statistics of exports from the major exporting countries considered separately shows that from 1910 to 1914 the United States shipped on the average 105,000,000 bushels a year; Canada, 92,000,000 bushels; Argentina, 90,000,000 bushels; and Australia, 50,000,000 bushels. From 1920-21 to 1923-24 the average crop-year exports from the United States were 248,000,000 bushels; from Canada, 244,000,000 bushels; and from Argentina and Australia, 143,000,000 bushels and 85,000,000 bushels respectively. With such substantial increases in the exports of our competitors less room is left in foreign markets for wheat from the United States. Increased home production by importing countries would of course act as back pressure against the movement from exporting countries. The study of these conditions and of financial conditions abroad has led many farmers in the United States to doubt the wisdom of continuing wheat production upon the present scale. Will the doubt be reflected in a smaller acreage for the crop of 1925? Probably not, for the stimulus of high prices this year is likely to outweigh the check exerted by the probability of lower prices next year. It is easier to step on the accelerator than to put on the brakes.

But if we are to attempt to force wheat into overseas markets in the face of sharper competition, we should at least have a clear understanding of the competitive factors involved. One such factor and an important one is cost of production. Speaking of wheat exporting from the Canadian point of view, Mr. James Richardson, the Winnipeg exporter, has made the following observation, which is certainly applicable to the United States as well. "I should like to ask," said Mr. Richardson, "what is our fundamental right to succeed as an exporting country, if it is not our ability to produce wheat at a cost that will enable us to meet competition? If the farmer in the southwestern United States can grow wheat and ship it out of the Gulf of Mexico on a short rail haul and sell it at a price with which we cannot compete, and if other wheat growers situated closer to the seaboard can produce wheat in volume and sell it at a price with which we cannot compete, then we shall not succeed as a wheat-growing country. If, on the other hand, the wheat grower in western Canada with his cheap land and the character of his soil can in spite of a longer rail haul produce wheat cheaper than the United States, then the United States will eventually cease to be an exporting country. If we propose to sell wheat for export, we must realize that we must produce against the world, and that the buyer does not ask whether the wheat was produced by a Hindu or by a Chinese coolie; he is interested only in the price and the quality. He buys wherever he gets the most for his money. He will not pay more money because the wheat was produced in western Canada, where standards of living are much higher than in some other parts of the world from which he can also draw his

## Annual average total shipments of wheat from the United States Canada Australia and Argentina



For 1910-14: 335,000,000 bu.



For 1920-23: 720,000,000 bu.

supplies. Even the English importers buy all over the world, wherever they can buy the cheapest."

As the Richardson Company is credited with being the largest exporter of wheat on this continent, American farmers should carefully consider the emphasis that the head of the firm places on cost of production, transportation and quality as factors in



A map showing four great grain-growing areas

competition. In this connection it is interesting to observe that Mr. Richardson's grandfather, who in 1884 shipped the first cargo of export wheat from western Canada, was perhaps the first western trader to call attention to the fact that importing countries do not buy foreign wheat in proportion to their theoretical requirements for consumption but in proportion to their means. "If there is a big crop," says the elder Mr. Richardson, "they eat it all up; and if there is a small crop, there is always enough to go round." As a rule it is not large exports that make high prices, but low prices that make large exports. Hence it seems futile to hope that the foreign demand will in the future take off our hands at high prices an amount of wheat sufficient to permit the United States to continue to produce 900,000,000 bushels a year.

As an exporter of wheat the United States must compete chiefly with Canada, Argentina and Australia, though India must be considered in certain years and France at times receives considerable quantities of wheat from Africa. No exact data on the cost of producing wheat in these several countries are available, but the lower cost of land in all of them and cheap labor in several are sufficient to warrant the farmers of the United States in making a liberal allowance for higher production costs when weighing their chance of survival in export trade. The most direct comparison available has been cited in a recent report of the United States Tariff Commission, in which the difference in the cost of producing a bushel of wheat in western Canada and in our hard-spring-wheat states during the three-year period 1921 to 1923 is given as forty-eight cents a bushel in favor of our northern cousins. Fortunately, this discouraging showing was owing in part to the unusually low yields an acre in the spring-wheat states during the period under review. But the strength of Canada as a competitor in the wheat market of the world cannot be denied or safely underrated.

Canada is richly endowed with arable lands. They support in large measure the industries and commerce of the Dominion as well as the rural population. But as yet only about 80,000,000 of the 300,000,000 acres of land rated as suitable for farming have been brought under field crops. The western wheat-producing area lies in southern Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. It is roughly triangular—with the three points at Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton. Of the 22,000,000 acres seeded to wheat in this territory nine tenths have been brought under the plow since 1900. There are still millions of acres of unoccupied fertile land that lies within fifteen miles of existing railways, and land is cheap. In 1923, according to an official report, the average value of occupied farm land was only twenty-eight dollars an acre in Manitoba and twenty-four in Saskatchewan and Alberta. Ninety-five per cent of the wheat acreage of the Dominion lies in those provinces. Hard-spring varieties, chiefly Marquis, are grown there almost exclusively. The yield an acre is high, compared with the yield of wheat of similar character grown in other exporting countries; it has averaged

perhaps fifteen bushels for the past five years and ran up to nineteen and seven-tenths bushels in 1923. The test weight is heavy; the standard grade for export tests about sixty-two and a half pounds to the bushel, and the protein content is good. No wheat in fact has a better standing in the world market than "Manitobas," a position that the rigid system of inspection established by the Dominion government has done much to maintain. Usually about two thirds of the wheat officially inspected grades number one and number two.

With a small population and a large production—a production ranging in recent years from thirty to fifty bushels per capita—the Dominion is obliged to depend mainly



30-50 bushels per capita for Canada

upon foreign markets for the disposal of its wheat. In 1922-23, for example, eighty-five per cent of the wheat handled through commercial channels, including wheat in the form of flour, was sent abroad. The Canadian grain trade is necessarily organized on an export basis, and it is well organized and well equipped. To an American grain man accustomed to seeing several classes and numerous grades of wheat gathered up from countless widely scattered shipping points and moved by many and at times circuitous routes to ports as widely separated as New York and Portland, New Orleans and Duluth, the structure of the Canadian trade seems remarkably simple. Practically speaking, only one class of wheat is grown, production is centralized, direct courses are followed, and rehandling is reduced to a minimum.

The movement of the Canadian crop presents a wonderful picture. The inlets of the far-flung assembling system by which the grain is eventually brought to tidewater are the country elevators that dot the broad plains of the prairie provinces, some forty-five hundred of them distributed among sixteen hundred shipping points. From the interior the main movement passes over the lines of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways, which, converging on Winnipeg, the chief inspection point and central market, run eastward to the great lake port of Fort William-Port Arthur, the twin cities at the head of Lake Superior, which has been provided with the largest and finest equipment of terminal elevators to be found in any port in the world. Thence the stream flows fan-shaped down the lakes to Canadian or United States ports on Lake

Huron and Lake Erie and thence by rail or through the canals on to Montreal, New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore.

It has been well said that there is nothing more impressive in the commercial life of Canada than the precision and smoothness with which the machinery of the grain trade performs its huge task. Railways, banks, grain dealers, lake carriers, ocean-port authorities, the elevators in the wheat fields, at the head and the foot of the Great Lakes and at the seaboard—all those and other interests work at top speed to receive, clean, grade and forward in constant flow as great a stream of wheat as the various carrying and transporting facilities can handle. The rapidity of the movement is astonishing. Efficient and economical methods are certainly a requisite for success in exporting, and Canada has already reached a high stage of development in that field. Her greatest handicap is the long distances grain must be moved by rail before it can be placed aboard ship. The wheat belt lies far inland. Even the haul from the eastern edge of the belt to the head of the lakes is four hundred miles, and from the western edge, thirteen hundred miles. The mileage from Fort William to the Atlantic seaboard is such as to prevent the movement of export shipments all the way by rail except in exceptional circumstances. With all due allowance, however, for the difficulties the situation presents, Canada is able to place wheat in foreign markets at a carrying cost no greater than that incurred by much of the wheat exported from the States.

The few figures quoted in the preceding paragraphs show the big way in which



Canada has gone in for wheat. Rapid progress has been made during the past twenty years, and whenever the foreign demand for wheat warrants a larger acreage the industry can expand vastly without including lands of marginal productivity. Many wheat-growing sections of the United States are unable to do that.

Our most formidable competitor on the south is Argentina. There we are faced with an increase in production from 105,000,000 bushels in 1913 to 249,000,000 bushels in 1923, which has resulted in a very substantial increase in exports. The strong position of Argentina in international trade is derived from cheap land, cheap labor and low transportation charges. Much more land, still low in price, can be devoted to wheat whenever the crop promises a better return than corn or cattle. Not only is labor receiving a low wage, but the prevailing standard of living of agricultural labor renders the continuance of low wages practicable. Even at the prices obtained from 1921 to 1923 wheat growing returned an income that apparently was fairly satisfactory to the farmers. The low transportation charges have several causes. The wheat fields are close to the seaboard. In a recent report of the assistant trade commissioner of the Department of Commerce at Buenos Aires it is estimated that the average railway haul of grains in Argentina from shipping stations to port of embarkation is between 138 and 144 miles. In this connection it should be remembered that the rail haul from central Kansas to the Gulf ports is close to nine hundred miles. Even to reach Duluth much of our spring wheat must be railroaded more than fifteen hundred miles, and Duluth is some two thousand miles from a seaport. The longer ocean voyage from the Argentine to the United Kingdom or to the Continent than from United States seaports is only a partial offset for the short rail hauls. Universally ocean rates are only a small fraction of rail rates for similar distances, and astonishingly low rates from La Plata are frequently brought about by the necessity of ship-owners' obtaining eastbound tonnage for vessels that have carried coal or merchandise to Buenos Aires. In short, in the struggle for foreign orders for wheat we may expect to encounter cutthroat competition from the south. The observation applies to Australia as well as to Argentina, though perhaps with somewhat less force. For Australia also, as

compared with the United States, is favored by low production costs and short rail hauls. Wheat land is relatively cheap, and the fields lie in close proximity to the sea. Sydney and Melbourne, however, are some eight thousand miles farther from Liverpool or Rotterdam than Montreal or New York is—a circumstance of considerable weight.

In respect to competition with these three countries, Canada, Argentina and Australia, one factor is common. In each country production so far outruns domestic consumption that the quality of the wheat exported is a fair representation of the average quality of the season's crop. That is not the case in the United States, for the American miller

picks his supplies first, paying premium prices for the privilege, and the export trade must be content with what remains. That is fortunate for the American farmer in the measure in which the premiums paid by the milling trade are reflected in the prices he receives, but it does not enhance the reputation of our wheat abroad.

Either way we look then, north or south, to Canada, Argentina or Australia, we see conditions that justify American farmers in seriously considering the advisability of adjusting the production of wheat to domestic requirements. Probably we can produce certain special classes of wheat in excess of home needs without materially affecting the

domestic price of the bulk of the crop. Durum wheat and the white wheats of the Pacific Coast, which because of their character or place of production do not directly compete with the classes of wheat that make our principal bread supply, furnish an example. On the other hand, the advisability of continuing to produce so much red winter and spring wheat that the home market is depressed during a considerable period each year to virtually the price level of the world market is certainly open to question. Throughout our main wheat belt much land, labor and capital is devoted to wheat production that one year with another might yield a better return if otherwise employed.

## "SOMETHING BIGGER?"

By Lenora Mattingly Weber



AFTER Judith Neal's hasty plunge in the pool to save Mary Zawaski, she took off her dripping, bedraggled dress. Her sense of humor prompted her to laugh at her ludicrous plight, but as she remembered the months she had saved to get the dress and the annual physical-education banquet that evening, which now she should be unable to attend, a sob twisted the laugh in her throat. "The little imp!" she exclaimed in a choking voice. "The little imp! She had no business going in—"

Her teeth were chattering with cold and chagrin as she took off the soaking garments that she had donned so happily only a little while before and slipped on her mused "middy" and shiny serge skirt over her gymnasium bloomers.

The door of her office opened, and the "little imp," now dressed, came hesitantly in. Her hair was wet and shining, and there was a glazed red spot on one cheek.

"Well, Mary, what have you to say for yourself?"

The voice of the young teacher of gymnastics and swimming was stern and unsympathetic.

Mary's nervous fingers smoothed a bulge in a faded plaid skirt. "I know I oughtn't have gone in, but I came in for my suit, and no one was here and—and you know I couldn't go in with the class—"

"Because you didn't pay your swimming fee. I explained that," Judith's voice was sharp, tired.

"I know." The dark eagerness of Mary's eyes was subdued by a wistful understanding. "You see, there's a new baby at home, and we—didn't have the dollar for this semester. But you were teaching us to dive from the edge, you know, and I thought I might try it just a couple of times; but when I saw you come in I—I—"

"I know. I surprised you, and you slipped on the edge," Judith took up the soggy dress and wrung the water out of it.

"Oh," said Mary, "it's your dress, your pretty dress!"

"Yes, it's ruined."

"But you were going to the banquet, the girls said. Couldn't you dry it and—oh, Miss Neal, maybe I—"

"I shan't go to the banquet, that's all," Judith stepped into the locker room and hung the shapeless dark blue thing there. "Dry your hair, Mary, before you go out."

Judith understood the pleading apology in Mary's eyes and wanted to smile at her, but she couldn't. Instead she rustled her papers of weights and measures as Mary went out through the locker room.

Judith choked back tears of disappointment. It wasn't only the banquet she cared about; it was seeing

Mr. Bernardo, the director of physical education in all the schools. She wanted to tell him how discouraged, how dissatisfied she was at Chelsea, and now that there was to be a vacancy at Wolfhill, a school in the wealthiest part of the city—

"Judith, you simply must try to get Wolfhill," her roommate, Adelia Bower, had said to her. "I'm sure Mr. Bernardo will change you if you ask him. Just tell him that with your training you think you ought to have something bigger, you know, than Chelsea."

Judith had been resting wearily on the bed watching Adelia dress for a party. Adelia taught drawing at Wolfhill, and her pupils and their parents were always asking her to dinner, parties and other entertainments.

"My goodness, Judie, it doesn't get you any place to teach those poverty-stricken pupils!"

Adelia was putting on her long string of imported crystal beads. They were beautifully clear cut with little jet beads between to emphasize their brilliance. A pupil whom she had helped outside hours had given them to her. How they sparkled over the richness of her black satin dress! Judith had never seen a prettier dress than that black satin with the heavy *écru* lace softening it. Adelia had got it at cost from the father of one of her pupils who owned a select garment shop.

"It would simply be grand for you to be at

Wolfhill," Adelia went on. "The most wonderful gymnasium and the pool, all white tile and marble with individual lockers and showers—why, at Chelsea you've got two showers, haven't you? And the office you would have is adorable! The girls in the athletic club—they're all from wealthy families—furnished it in gray wicker, bird cage, fern boxes and everything. Then Mrs.—oh, I forget her name, one of the society women—put in the bookcases and books."

And Judith, tired and perplexed from a hard day at Chelsea, had agreed with her. It wasn't the work so much as it was the constant buffeting of poverty that had worn her down. Wolfhill would be wonderful, and at the banquet she would ask Mr. Bernardo if he wouldn't change her.

Judith tried to concentrate on her physical examination papers. What could a person do? Here were girls with narrow chests, stooping shoulders, sluggish pulses—girls whom the gymnasium work would greatly benefit; yet so many of them were unable to buy the required suits and shoes. Here were girls that swimming would develop, but many of them, like Mary, hadn't even the small swimming fee that the school asked in order to help pay for towels and other necessary articles.

Poverty! Poverty! Judith pushed the papers from her wearily. The banquet was to be

*It was like a sigh of pain, the look that passed over the oval face*

DRAWN BY DUDLEY GLOYN SUMMERS





at six o'clock. Adelia would be there looking for her. A flooding resentment toward Mary Zawaski, toward all Chelsea, possessed Judith. She put on her wraps and, signing her slip, went out.

On one side of the Chelsea school lay the railway district with its shops. A sleety snow was falling. Goats with their half-grown young huddled against slack fences; children, bare-headed, bare-handed, shivered and coughed as they played in the streets. "Our teacher," some of them whispered as Miss Neal walked by unheeding.

In one of the yards that she passed a girl was loading her arms from a woodpile, but seeing Judith, she dropped her wood and, cried, "Oh Miss Neal, it did! Just like new! I took your wet dress home. I didn't ask you—I was going to take it right back to you."

It was Mary Zawaski, and she hurried Judith through the gate and on into a kitchen that had been made uncomfortably warm so that irons might heat and a navy-blue silk dress might dry. From the ironing board a woman with a tired face, with Mary's dark eagerness almost subdued, was putting the finishing touches to Judith's dress, the new banquet dress. The georgette panels were pleated with fine precision, and the lace collar was as softly fresh as when it had hung in the store; even the narrow velvet ribbon that streamed from the collar was steamed to its proper freshness.

Judith's eyes shone with admiration as she looked inquiringly at Mary's mother. She had done that sort of work in the old country, the woman explained modestly.

As Mrs. Zawaski's swift-moving fingers creased the lace she looked at Judith with open admiration. Did Miss Neal think she could straighten out the rounded shoulders of her Mary? Maybe next—what you call it, semester, yes—they could get her a gym suit, gym shoes—

The mother of the numerous Zawaskis gave the dress a final loving caress with the iron and passed it to Judith. It was wrong of her Mary to go in the pool—the eyes held the same pathetic plea—but, oh, it was so brave of her teacher to take her out! And then with a note of wistful longing she said they hoped their Mary would grow up straight and fine like Miss Neal! The swimming meant so much to Mary; she hadn't coughed or had colds since she had learned to swim, to breathe deep and long. But with this new baby—it was like a sigh of pain, the look that passed over the oval face. These mothers too were desirous for their children, sorrowing in denial.

Mary showed Judith the swaddled baby lying in an old clothes basket—a jewel in a shabby case. They told her of the christening they were to have Sunday. Would she like to come? A strange thrill passed over Judith.

In a little back room she fastened the innumerable snaps of her new dress with slow, groping fingers. But her cheeks were flushed. She would be in time for the banquet! She would see Mr. Bernardo and ask him—

The snow was still falling in the gray November dusk as Judith hurried over the viaduct. Men passed her, tired, smoke-be-grimed, swinging empty dinner buckets; returning newboys went by huddled under mackinaws fastened with safety pins.

The banquet room at the Brown Palace wore a festive air. The long table was gay with flowers and colored streamers.

Adelia hurried up to Judith as she was taking off her wraps. "Listen, Judie, I helped put the place cards on, and I put you next to Mr. Bernardo up at the head. Isn't that grand?"

Judith's eyes were alight with anticipation. "Oh, I'm so glad, Adelia!"

"And you be sure and tell him—I don't see why you're sort of in awe of him—about how poor they are over there and how discouraged you feel when they can't cooperate. Tell him you think you ought to have something bigger—"

"Yes," said Judith, "I'll tell him—"

The banquet was progressing happily when Mr. Bernardo looked searchingly at Judith and said with startling directness, "Miss Bower told me you had something to ask me?"

"Yes—I have," Judith said hesitatingly. "It's about my pupils at Chelsea. They're so poor, you know, foreigners mostly, and some of them can't afford the swimming fees, and some can't take the gym work and the hygiene, because they haven't suits or shoes."

She looked down the gay table at Adelia in her lovely satin with the imported crystal beads. She thought of the beautifully furnished office at Wolfhill and of her own scanty, bare little room at Chelsea. Then all the impulses that had besieged her there in the Zawaski home, all the tumultuous ideas that had possessed her as she crossed the smoky viaduct, came tumbling out in almost incoherent fashion:

"And they need it so—more than others! And they're so willing! Couldn't we plan some way so they could earn the money? There's the lunchroom at school—they have

to hire the dishes washed and the cleaning done. And the gym suits—the material itself doesn't cost so much. I was thinking maybe the sewing teacher would work with us, have them make them in the course. There's one girl,—her name is Mary,—I'll have her do up my middies. But couldn't we—" choked emotion made her voice quiver—"work out something—like that?"

Adelia was right; there was no need to be in awe of Mr. Bernardo. His eyes, so appraisingly keen, quickened.

"We can," he said, "with some one like you to put it through!"



DRAWN BY T. VICTOR HALL

The comedians had become of greater interest than the ball game

# THE SPLENDID YEAR

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

## Chapter Two Rivals



HE road to the athletic field led past the dormitories and turned off through a bit of woodland. Sydney walked along it with a feeling of

diffidence and shyness that he had never expected to have. At the smaller school that he had attended before he had been taken ill he had been one of the leaders; there was scarcely an activity in which he had not had a part; the boys all had known him and had been his friends. His situation now was forcibly presented to him when two boys in tennis flannels, running softly in their tennis shoes, passed him without speaking. It seemed strange to be in a school where fellows would do that.

Emerging from the woods the road gave at once a pleasant view of St. Timothy's at play. The cinder track, on which various runners were practicing, inclosed a field that was the scene of a baseball game. Beyond this field on another and larger field football eleven were scrimmaging, and numerous tennis courts were lively with players. Sydney's eyes sparkled as he took in the scene; it was a spectacle of the kind that he loved; and, though he would have liked to engage in each and every one of the sports that were going on before him, he could find some enjoyment simply in looking on.

As the baseball game seemed to be the thing that was attracting the greatest interest, Sydney crossed the cinder track and stood quietly among the spectators along the first-base line. The two nines that were playing were merely "picked-up" nines, but they included some of the best players in the school, and there was enough skill manifested to satisfy the eye of a connoisseur, such as Sydney was. He soon became intent,

watching the game; and when a boy came up and stood directly in front of him, blocking his view, Sydney, stretching his neck in order not to miss anything, started to move to one side. Instantly the boy, of whom till that moment Sydney had hardly been aware, turned, gave him a push backwards and sent him tumbling heels over head across the back of another fellow who had crouched behind him in order to insure a complete and thorough upset. Laughter went up from the boys near who, not so intent upon the game as Sydney, had observed the preparations; but there was no laughter in Sydney's heart or on his face as he got to his feet. Anger flashed from his eyes; he looked at the youth who had pushed him and whose ruddy countenance was broadened in a grin and said:

"Pretty cheap trick! Where did you grow up?"

At this the crowd laughed more heartily than ever, and the youth addressed called to his comrade: "Jack, he demands satisfaction! The new kid says he must have satisfaction!"

And thereupon he put himself into a burlesque posture of self-defense and began to revolve slowly round Sydney, making passes with his left fist, then leaping back, then creeping forward threateningly, then ducking and going through all the various motions of shadow boxing. At once Sydney, inspired by his obvious good humor, regained the mental equilibrium that he had lost with his physical balance. He responded to the burlesque with burlesque; he too half squatted on his haunches and, with his fists in boxing position, circled cautiously, now and then making a lunge or a feint and following it by clapping his hands loudly and uttering a wild barbaric cry. The crowd about the pair increased. The comedians had

become of greater interest than the ball game. They enjoyed the show that they were giving and deliberately prolonged it, each one trying to meet and improve upon each new play of the other; the laughter of the spectators urged them on. Finally Sydney's opponent succumbed to an imaginary blow and collapsed upon the grass; Sydney triumphantly put his foot upon his shoulder and counted "One, two, three"—up to ten. Then the vanquished rose, and he and Sydney theatrically shook hands.

"I'll say you have some pep," remarked the boy. "My name's Kay; what's yours?"

"Desmond."

"Where have you been keeping yourself since school opened?"

"I just arrived today. I wasn't able to get here any earlier."

"Glad you came; you're just the fellow we've been waiting for. What are you, fifth form?"

"Yes."

"Good; so am I. Desmond, this is Northrop, this clumsy boob here that you fell over. You've got to look out for him; he's always getting underfoot."

"You mean you're always getting me to do the dirty work for you," replied Northrop.

In contrast to the stolid, stocky and open-faced Kay he was a lanky fellow with a long neck, a long chin, a broad flat nose and black hair growing low over his forehead. He was homely, and yet there was something attractive in his homely countenance—attractive in spite of the discontented lines of his mouth and the restlessness of his eyes. His face reflected his moods; just now there was in it as well as in his tone an expression of resentful humor. He seemed somewhat impatient of his friend's sudden prepossession in favor of Sydney. "Come on now, Fred, and let's get started on that game of tennis."

"All right, in a minute. Where have they put you up, Desmond?"

"In Mr. Warner's house."

"I hoped you might be in our dormitory at the Upper. We've got a mighty good crowd there."

"Dr. Davenport spoke as if there were a possibility of my being put in a dormitory after Christmas," Sydney answered.

"We'll see if we can't get you into ours. Mr. Warner's all right, but it's no fun living in a private house."

Northrop nudged Kay impatiently. "Come along, Fred."

"Yes, I'm coming. You might come with us, Desmond, if you've nothing better to do. Or perhaps you've got a game on, yourself?"

Sydney laughed. "You're the first fellows that have spoken to me since I've been in this school."

"And we upset you before we spoke to you!" Kay took Sydney's arm and walked arm in arm with him, as if to show his regret for the unfriendliness of such a welcome. "I don't blame you for getting up as stuffy as you did. What made you take it so well the next moment?"

"You," replied Sydney. "You were so good-natured and funny yourself; I felt right off I'd been a fool to be so irritated."

"I guess it was a disappointment to Jack, the old trouble-maker." Kay glanced humorously at Northrop. "You'd have liked to see Desmond come at me with a real wallop, wouldn't you, old top?"

"Sure," Northrop replied. "A real scrap is always more interesting than a fake one."

"The others seemed to like the show we put on well enough," said Kay dryly. "Jack's quite a comedian himself," he explained to Sydney. "As you might guess from the way he got down on his hands and knees behind you, so that you could get a tumble. And some of these comedians are awfully jealous when somebody else's hit takes better with the crowd."

"I'm no comedian on the tennis court anyway," remarked Northrop acidly. "Hurry along now and get ready to take your punishment."

"Always a big talker, as you'll see when you know him better. Here, come along inside, Desmond, while we get dressed."

They were at the door of the athletic house, and Sydney, who had for a moment hung back, welcomed the opportunity to enter. In the central hall there were pennants and trophies signifying victories won by St. Timothy's, from the earliest days of the school; there were also tablets bearing the names of famous school athletes. Sydney



had only a momentary glance round the walls; Kay led him into a locker room that, he announced, belonged to the Pythians.

"You're going to be a Pythian of course," he added.

"What are Pythians?" Sydney inquired.

Kay explained that the school was divided into two athletic clubs called Pythians and Corinthians, which contended against each other in all branches of sport.

"Every fellow who plays on any kind of team, whether it's first, second, or third, gets a locker. Jack and I got our lockers last year for playing on the second eleven. We hope to make the first this fall. You look the right build for a football player; you'll have to come out for the team."

"No, I can't play football," said Sydney.

"What is your game then?"

"I can't do anything in sports. I'd be of no use to either Pythians or Corinthians."

Both Kay and Northrop looked at him incredulously.

"Come off!" said Kay. "A fellow that can prance round and put up his fists the way you did! What are you talking about?"

"I had rheumatic fever last winter," explained Sydney, "and I'm not allowed to do much of anything for a year."

"That's pretty tough," Kay's voice and look were sympathetic, but Northrop said somewhat skeptically, "You're looking pretty fit."

"I feel all right," replied Sydney. "But I'm under doctor's orders."

"You join the Pythians anyway," said Kay. "We'll want you to root for us if you can't play with us."

"Sure," agreed Northrop. "Don't let the Corinthians get hold of you."

He was bending over fastening his tennis shoes; Sydney could not be sure whether his remark was made with irony or in cordiality. There had been from the first something in Northrop's manner a little offish, almost, Sydney thought, disagreeable; and therefore he suspected a tinge of irony in this last utterance, and he made no reply. He could not help wondering why the manner towards him of two fellows who were evidently close friends, and who had exactly the same knowledge of him, should be so different. The fact was that Northrop was jealous of his friendship and admiration for Kay and was always fearful of being himself superseded by some one in Kay's affections. He had been quick to detect in Sydney a possible rival and had stiffened against him therefore immediately. Yet when he had fully grasped the fact of Sydney's physical incapacity he felt sorry for him—just as he felt that he no longer had him to fear as a competitor. Kay with all his athletic interests could hardly be expected to bother much with a fellow who couldn't do anything but look on.

Sydney felt that it was the part of courtesy to remain as spectator at the game of tennis between his two new friends. He was, however, less interested in tennis than in almost any other outdoor sport, and, as neither Kay nor Northrop was at all a brilliant player, he soon found the requirements of politeness somewhat irksome. He stood by the net, saying "Good shot!" on the occasions when the remark seemed warranted and sometimes tossing a ball that had dropped near him to one or the other of the contestants. Northrop, who was winning, became as loquacious as he had been silent before; when he would toss a lob over Kay's head he would exultantly bid his opponent to get after it, and when Kay sent the ball safe past him for a point he would as spontaneously cry out his approbation. At the end of the set, which he won, he poured forth a copious stream of exuberant rallery, a tiresome person to play with, thought Sydney, and he wondered somewhat at the phlegmatic and unperturbed good nature with which Kay endured so much chatter. He decided that he at least would not endure it any longer, and with an impersonal, "So long, fellows; see you later," he turned and strolled away.

Northrop availed himself of the first opportunity to come up close to the net and remark to Kay, "Pretty cool proposition for a new kid. Thinks pretty well of himself."

"Knows how to handle himself all right," was Kay's brief comment.

As Sydney made his way about the field, pausing now to watch a runner practicing for a sprint and now to look on at some fellows who were trying out their powers at punting, he was no longer afflicted by the sense of isolation that had been so disconcerting to him earlier in the afternoon. Several boys whom he passed smiled at him in a

friendly, approving way, and two or three came up and scraped acquaintance with him. His encounter with Kay had evidently given those who had witnessed it a favorable impression of him.

"That was a mighty good show you staged with Fred Kay," said one of these new acquaintances. "I was right there; it was great."

Another boy assured him that he had seen it too and that it was "all right." Still another complimented him upon his quick wit. "If you hadn't taken it the way you did, they'd have been riding you yet," observed this person. "That guy Northrop especially does rub it in if he once gets an opening."

By the time that the bell rang giving warning that in fifteen minutes everyone would be called in to study Sydney was the centre of a friendly little group; he was not sure of the names of all those who composed it, but he had acquired various items of information—who were the great athletes, who were the most popular fellows, who the brightest, and so forth. He had learned that Kay was the most popular and influential fellow in the fifth form, and that he was quite in luck to have made such a good impression on him. To Sydney, who had never been in the habit of considering very much what sort of an impression he made on other fellows, such talk was rather amusing. He liked fellows or he didn't like them; and those that he didn't like he didn't bother with; the idea of rejoicing in the favor of the popular and influential was grotesquely novel to one who had himself always been popular and influential.

He was walking slowly with some of his new acquaintances towards the school when Kay and Northrop, coming up from behind, joined them. Kay elbowed his way in between Sydney and the fellow who had been talking to him, grasped Sydney by the arm and said, "You ought to have waited; you'd have seen me clean that bird up the last two sets."

"I never played so rottenly in my life," explained Northrop.

"We've got to hand it to Jack for being a good loser, haven't we, fellows?" Kay took something of the sting out of the taunt by slipping his free arm inside Northrop's and laughing at him kindly.

"That's all right," Northrop said in an effort to deflect the laughter of the others. "Next time I play you it will be you that will be looking for alibis."

But Kay was no longer interested in matching wits with his friend. "We must show this new kid the ropes," he announced, grasping Sydney's arm tighter and turning towards the others. "He's the prize new kid, if ever I've seen one, and we're going to get him started just right."

"Don't have me too much on your mind," said Sydney. "I guess you started me right when you tumbled me down."

"I guess I did, though that wasn't my big idea at the moment. We'll look in at the Upper; we'll have just time before we go on to study."

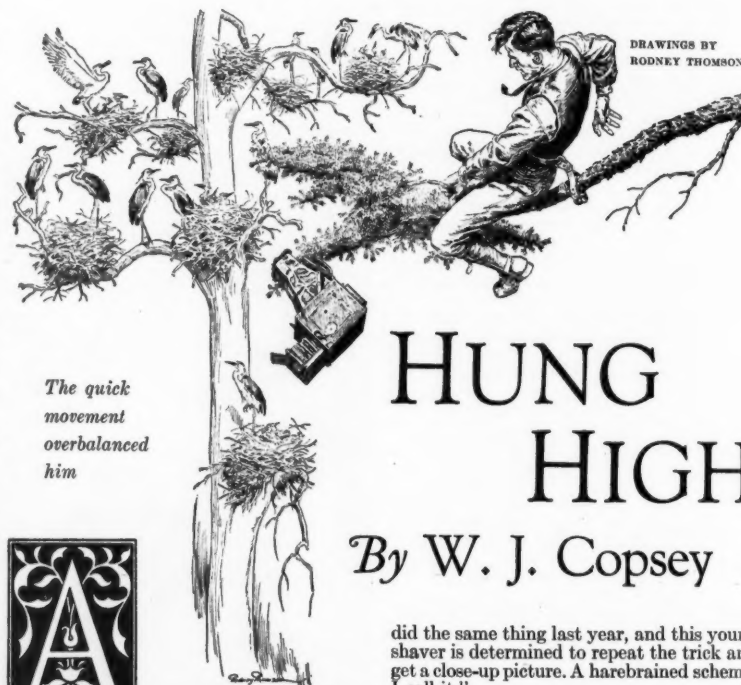
So Sydney had a glimpse of Kay's room and also of Northrop's in the same corridor and was told to make himself at home in either of them at any time; also Kay said he would try to have him placed at his table in the dining room. After this brief inspection they hurried on to the study building; Sydney received a desk in the big schoolroom and then with the other members of the fifth form was sent out to his first class, which happened to be in Latin, conducted by Mr. Warner. The lesson for the day was in the third book of Vergil's *Aeneid* and was covered in the first half hour; then Mr. Warner asked various members of the class to translate at sight. Kay rendered his lines pretty well. Northrop was fluent and accurate; three or four others stumbled with some difficulty through the passages assigned to them; and then Mr. Warner called on Sydney. As he rose the class looked at him with interest; to most of them he was still unknown. Latin had always been easy for him; his year of illness had stimulated his studiousness, and he had benefited more-over by having during much of that period an excellent tutor. The sight translation that he now was able to offer was a more finished translation than any that had ever been heard in that class. The fellows gaped, not altogether approvingly; Mr. Warner beamed with keen satisfaction.

"It looks, fellows, as if you had a new pacemaker here," he said. "You'll all have to be on your mettle."

After the hour Kay joined Sydney in the corridor. "You are certainly a shark in Latin;

are you as good in everything else?" he asked.

Sydney smiled and shook his head. "You've got Jack here terrorized," continued Kay; he seized upon Northrop, who was a step in advance. "He's been head of the class so long he doesn't know what it would feel like to be in any other position. I guess, Jack, that Desmond's going to tip



The quick movement overbalanced him

## HUNG HIGH

By W. J. Copsey

did the same thing last year, and this young shaver is determined to repeat the trick and get a close-up picture. A harebrained scheme, I call it."

My interest at once centred on the young ornithologist. I noticed that he wore a close-fitting suit of clothes and leather leggings. He had a camera strapped to his back, and as I watched him he unstrapped it and inspected the view-finder and the film case. When he had adjusted them to his satisfaction he restraped the camera to his back. Turning to a companion with a suitcase, he said, "Now for the leg irons."

The man addressed opened the suitcase and, taking out two sets of leg irons such as I have seen telephone linemen use for climbing telephone poles, strapped a pair round the legs of the tall youth. "Good luck, Miles," he said as he gripped the young man's hand. "Above all things be careful."

On inquiry I found that the youth's name was Miles Garfield, and that frequenters of the park saw him often and always spoke of him as "the young Californian."

The young man had thrown aside his coat. He wore a leather waistcoat, which with his tight-fitting trousers and the leg irons made a good outfit for climbing. Round his waist was a strong leather strap with two long extensions equipped with steel rings and snap that I concluded were to be buckled round the tree to support him in his climb.

He strode over to the tall Douglas fir, which was some sixty feet from the dead hemlock. There were no limbs on it nearer than fifty feet from the ground; above the first limb others, comparatively small for so large a tree, jutted out at intervals to the very top, which towered some fifty feet above the white home of the herons. Miles intended to scale that tree, perch himself on a limb nearly level with the top of the heronry and take half a dozen pictures of the birds and their surroundings.

The youth dug his irons into the side of the great fir and began to climb. He made good progress up the bare trunk; it was plain that he knew his business. He soon reached the first limb and from that point pulled himself from limb to limb, keeping close to the trunk and using his leg irons whenever the limb above him was beyond his reach. At last when he had gained a height that I judged to be one hundred and twenty-five feet he straddled a limb and began to move out from the trunk. It was one of the longest limbs and extended farther than any limb below it, so that the thirty or forty spectators who had assembled could get an unbroken view of him.

The daring of the youth as he continued to move nearer and nearer the end of the branch almost took my breath away. The limb drooped under his weight; but it seemed that he had well estimated its strength, and,



knowing that it would support him, he still moved outward. When at last he stopped, clear of every branch beneath him, he tightened his leather belt round his waist and secured the extensions in a second loop round the limb; thus his hands were free for handling the camera. He seemed to be clinging with his legs and trusting himself to the narrow strap. He looked into the view finder as he moved his camera first this way and then the other until he was satisfied with the position of it. Then he waved his hand grandly to the spectators and snapped the first picture. The breathless audience, somewhat relieved by the gesture, cheered a little.

At each successive picture the youth waved his hand. He had taken five pictures and was leaning well over from his clinging perch when in some way the camera slipped. He reached to grab it, and the quick movement overbalanced him. The camera came hurtling to the ground, and at the same time he swung on his perch. There was a cry of horror from the spectators. For the moment they had forgotten that the youth was belted to the limb.

They understood when they saw him hanging there, with his back close to the limb, suspended by the belt a hundred and twenty-five feet from the ground; his arms and legs were sprawled out, helplessly beating the air, and the limb was drooping more and more under his frantic struggles. His face, blanched with fright, showed with a singular effect against the background of green. Sometimes in his efforts his arms touched the limb above his back, but he could not grasp it. Held as he was with his back almost against the limb, he could not have drawn himself up on the limb again even if he could have grasped it.

After the first paralyzing moments of horror the men near me began to talk excitedly, and some of the women wept. "Do something!" somebody shouted. "He can't help himself. We must help him. What can we do?"

"The city fire fighters!" cried another. But how could the city fire fighters help the young man? They would hardly be able to run a ladder up to that height, and in any case there was nothing to rest it against; the swaying limb would support no more than the weight it already bore. The predicament of the youth became apparent to passing motorists, some of whom sped on to the city for help.

For fully half an hour the young man had hung there before the arrival of the city fire fighters, and when they came they were helpless. They provided a net spread beneath the tree to catch the young man should either the limb or the belt break. The bloodless face still showed white against the background of deep green. Miles had ceased to struggle; whether he had lost consciousness or not I could not decide. Men and women had assembled from all directions, and there were now hundreds gazing up at the dangling figure. Only the great blue herons in the dead hemlock seemed unconcerned; they continued to wrangle among themselves or to fly back and forth, with their long, clumsy legs trailing and their necks drawn in.

Many different suggestions for a rescue were made, but all were so impracticable that they were soon rejected. The hundreds of people were powerless to help.

Suddenly there was a cry from many lips. "The logger! Jacques Laponte, the logger! Jacques will do something!"

I turned to look at the man as he came striding forward. He was a big French-Canadian of perhaps forty, thick-set and strong; his sun-tanned face suggested intelligence, resourcefulness, courage and daring. I afterwards learned that Jacques was one of the most famous loggers on the Pacific Coast. When it was required to top a two-hundred-foot Douglas fir to make a spar tree Jacques was the man to do the topping. He would give the finishing touch that would send the top of the tree crashing to the ground while the one hundred and seventy feet or so of the limbless spar that was left would swing back and forth yards out of the upright with his fly-like figure clinging to the top. But even the daring logger could not, I thought, save the young ornithologist. The limb would not support his weight, and the belt must first be detached from the limb before the boy could be rescued.

Jacques, however, thought differently. He surveyed the tree for a few seconds as if planning his climb. Then he snatched up the remaining pair of

leg irons from the case by the tree and with a deftness born of thorough familiarity strapped them quickly to his legs. Striding across to the fireman's outfit, he grabbed the end of an inch rope and looked into the face of the fire chief.

"Sure, Jacques," said the fire chief. "Take it and any other thing we have here that you need. What can we do to help?"

"You look on," Jacques said. "I'll get him." Those were the only words I heard him speak during the whole affair.

Having coiled the long rope over his right shoulder and under his left arm, he began to scale the tree, which he mounted much more rapidly than Miles had mounted it. Up the first fifty feet of limbless trunk he seemed to go at a walking pace; then he climbed rapidly from limb to limb. No one knew what he intended to do, yet everyone expected that in some way he would rescue the helpless youth dangling twenty feet out from the trunk and a hundred and twenty-five feet from the ground. Five hundred pairs of eyes followed the logger, and apart from the bedlam of the great blue herons all was silent. A slight cheer arose as the logger reached the limb on which the young man was hanging. Most of us felt that in spite of the certain calamity that would attend the logger's stepping on that limb he would somehow get to the end of it. How else could he effect a rescue?

But no, he did not go out on the limb. He stopped only long enough to observe the exact way in which the youth was held; then he went higher and still higher, passing one limb after another until he reached a branch twenty feet above the one on which the young ornithologist was suspended. With quick movements the logger worked his way out to the end; it bent beneath his weight, but he seemed at home. He made no attempt to strap himself to his lofty perch, but gripped it with his legs. He was five feet farther back than the man he was trying to save.

I could see him at work uncoiling his rope. He made a noose and slacked out the rope until he had it almost doubled. His problem seemed to be to get the noose over the end of the limb on which Miles was hanging. He made several throws before he succeeded. As he worked the noose along the limb until it encircled both man and limb the watchers could not understand what he intended to do. He drew the noose tight and had man and limb secure in it. With one end of the rope in his hand he retraced his way along the limb on which he sat. Reaching the trunk of the tree, he fastened his end of the rope round it and came quickly down to the limb on which the youth was hanging. There he braced himself against the trunk, took his axe from his belt and to the horror of the onlookers began to make the chips fly from the base of the limb. The branch drooped lower and lower as the logger cut deeper into it.

Some cried out in alarm, some in protest, and yet others said reassuringly. "Leave it to Jacques. He knows what he's doing."

When Jacques had cut as far as he wished into the limb, he ascended to the place where he had fastened the rope and began to give it slack. The limb dropped slowly; the end that held the youth came nearer and nearer to the trunk of the tree. Jacques had cut the limb just deep enough to allow it to droop without breaking off while he manipulated the rope. Since the end of the rope was round the tree trunk, and the trunk for several feet was free of limbs, the rope could slip gradually down the tree with the limb.

At last the limb hung within a foot of the trunk. To the surprise of the onlookers the youth stretched forth his hand and grasped the tree. In a moment Jacques was within reach of him. The cheer that rang out from those below was so hearty that it disturbed even the great blue herons.

The logger succeeded in freeing the youth from the limb, and soon had him safe among the branches of the tree. So shaken was the young ornithologist by his terrible experience that it was more than ten minutes before he dared to begin the descent. His rescuer was never many feet from him until he reached the ground. Many hands stretched toward him as he landed, and a round of applause rang out for the big French-Canadian.

"Where's the camera?" the young man demanded.

It was of course badly smashed, but the film case was secure. When the films were developed the young ornithologist found to his delight that he had got five beautiful pictures of the great blue herons.

After school when you're after something to eat

## Cheese Tid-bit

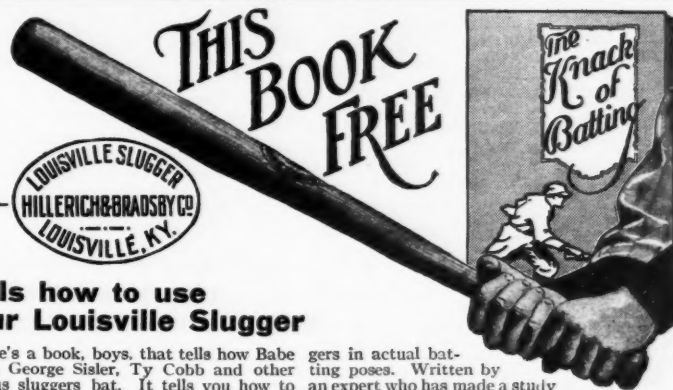
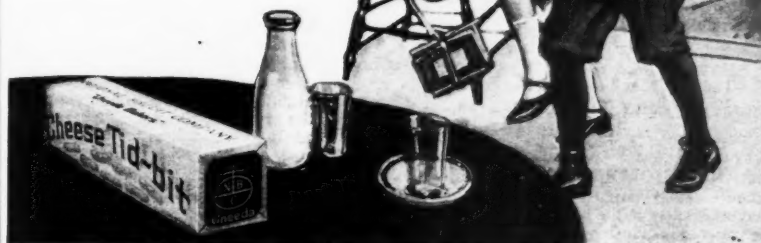
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INTERNATIONAL



John A. Spencer  
A boy who succeeded

## FACT AND COMMENT

**THE MIND IS A BANK** that pays compound interest on the knowledge you deposit in it.

To heal a Feud keep out of Sight  
The Fact that You were wholly Right.

**OUR TROUBLES** come often from this: we do not live according to the light of reason, but after the fashion of our neighbors.

**FRENCH HOLDERS** of the bonds of the Suez Canal Company are disappointed at having to accept the interest on those bonds in paper francs instead of gold. But they are not in such hard luck as those Germans who invested in the Berlin to Bagdad railway.

**THE VIEW THAT FUNERALS** are almost always far too expensive in every rank of society was recently expressed—not for the first time by any means—at a meeting of people who are interested in helping the poor to get along. That is almost certainly true, and it is probably one of the reasons why people insist on putting off their own funerals as long as they possibly can.

**THE NEW HEBREW UNIVERSITY** at Jerusalem, which Lord Balfour opened with so much ceremony a few weeks ago, has already one great monument of intellectual achievement in its archives. Dr. Einstein has presented the original manuscripts of his work on relativity to the library of the university. We hope the ability to give a lucid explanation of the learned doctor's theory will not be made a requisite for a degree.

**TOMORROW** is the centenary of the birth of George Inness, a very great artist, probably the foremost American painter of landscape, and certainly the leader in the movement that turned American art away from the grandiose and panoramic style to the poetic and the interpretive. If you live in a city where a picture or two by Inness are to be seen, go and see them. If not, try your public library for reproductions of some of his landscapes. They are worth looking at.

**SIR JAMES BARRIE** in his younger days was much interested in amateur theatricals. On the stage he usually took the part of a woman. In a recent address he said: "On one occasion when the curtain rose on my husband and me about to partake of breakfast, my husband in his stage fright pulled the table cover and its contents to the floor. How would a superb actress have risen to that emergency? I have asked some of them, and none of them conceived anything equal to what Adele did—Adele was my name. I went behind him, and, putting my arms round his neck, I said, 'You clumsy darling!'"

**MANY RACES** and many different religious beliefs are represented, as we said a few weeks ago, in the gifts to the building fund of the new Episcopal cathedral in New York; but Bishop Manning has probably received no contribution that is more interesting than the single dollar that came from prisoner No. 9757, confined in a prison at Cañon City, Colorado. "Architecture is a great civilizer and educator," he wrote. "There are over one hundred million people in the country. If each one gave a dollar, you would have a magnificent cathedral. Oil has been found on my old ranch, and if I were free from prison I should have been glad to

donate a window." The three rose windows in the cathedral will cost \$63,000 apiece.

**A BOY SCOUT CAMP** in Massachusetts used an interesting method last summer for teaching new members to swim. A boy who couldn't swim was known officially as a "sinker" and had to wear a red cap. When he showed that he could swim fifty yards he became a "turtle" and might wear a yellow cap. When he could swim one hundred yards he was a "water dog" and entitled to a green cap. Only after he had passed the junior or senior life-saving test might he wear the coveted blue cap that marked him as a good swimmer. A survey made about the middle of August showed that eighty-five per cent of the campers could swim one hundred yards or farther, and that there were no boys who could not swim at all.

## THE HEALTH OF THE CHILD

**IT** is characteristic of present-day methods of organization and propaganda to set aside a day or a week every year for especial emphasis on the cause in which each particular association is interested. Accordingly the Child Health Association asks the nation to think of May 1 as Child Health Day and to devote it, or a part of it, to public meetings and exercises intended to direct the attention of our people to a more systematic care of the health of our growing boys and girls.

The cause is a very worthy one. Nothing can be more important to a nation than the health, the strength, the normality both in mind and body of the rising generation, which must in a few years take over the responsibilities that the grown-ups of today are doing their best to sustain with credit. At first sight it would seem almost superfluous to make a special point of taking care of the children. Surely every parent ought to be interested, selfishly if not altruistically, in the well-being of his own children, and every community ought to know enough to take every sanitary precaution possible for its own protection.

But what ought to be is not what is. Parents, no doubt, wish every good thing for their children, but it is astonishing to see how many content themselves with wishing and lack either the foresight or the knowledge to inform themselves of their children's physical condition and to take the necessary steps to correct any defects that may exist. It is surprising, too, to learn how many good-sized and prosperous cities that pride themselves on their civic intelligence have the most inadequate provision for a department of public health and for a careful audit of the physical condition of their school children, particularly during the early years when cure of disease and correction of defects are most possible.

We like to think that we are, as a people, the most intelligent and progressive on earth. However that may be in other respects, it is not true with regard to our care of child life. Five nations have a lower rate of child mortality than the United States. Sixteen nations have a lower rate of mortality for mothers in childbirth than we have. The results of the careful physical inspection made for the selective draft in the late war showed that a very large proportion of our young men had physical defects that might have been prevented by intelligent examination and care in their childhood.

If your community observes Child Health Day tomorrow, attend the exercises and learn what is being done for the better protection of the children. If it does not, take the matter home to yourself. Find out what you ought to do to keep proper watch of your own children and try to arouse among your neighbors more interest in a wide-awake community health service.

We cannot be too careful of our children.

## THE "FUNNIES"

**IT** is a reasonably safe assertion that anything that is really funny has no poison in it. Practical jokes rarely seem more funny to the unprejudiced or impartial observer than they do to the victims of them; they usually arouse pity or indignation; they contain a poisonous element. Unfortunately, the humor on which the great mass of the American public, and especially the younger portion of it, feeds is chiefly expressed in cartoons representing the crude practical jokes that the morons of the cartoonists' imagination delight to play on one another.

Occasionally the pranks are so grotesque or fantastic or preposterous that they bear no relation to the conceivable actions of human beings, and then, according to the ingenuity and technique of the cartoonist, they may be really funny. Far more often, however, they are the exaggerated portrayals of ill-natured or mean performances of a kind that all too frequently is encountered in life. The funny work of the "smart Aleck,"—which is the name the indignant victim usually applies to the practical joker,—if continually presented for the amusement of the young, is certain not only to increase the number of smart Alecks in the world but also to diminish the taste and appreciation for humor of a finer flavor.

Yet we all know that the only pages of the newspaper that most boys are interested in are the sporting page and the "funny page." Probably the best way to combat the vulgarizing influence of the funny page is to see that the boy has humor of a healthier sort brought frequently to his attention. He will be slow to believe that in Dickens and Shakespeare there is as much fun as there is in Mutt and Jeff; but under the guidance of a tactful interpreter he may be led to make the discovery.

## SPORT OR LABOR, WHICH?

**IN** a homily on the Luxury of a Vain Imagination Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote of those persons who are finally "convinced by disgrace and disappointment of the difference between the labor of thought and the sport of musing." That too much musing leads ultimately to disgrace seems an extreme statement, but that disappointment follows from it is quite certain. Just as a man cannot eat his cake and have it too, he cannot enjoy his dream and grasp the reality.

Many people suppose that they are thinking when they are only musing. With them thought begins and ends in the capture of some large, general idea. They do not try to formulate it carefully, and to follow out all its implications and consequences; they do not attempt to visualize the numerous little details that must be dealt with, one by one, before the idea can be turned into a practicable working plan; they postpone the labor of translating the dream into the reality. It is enough for the present, they tell themselves, to get the large idea in outline; tomorrow we will begin work on it, but today let us have the pleasure merely of contemplating our beautiful vision and congratulating ourselves on having had imagination enough to create it.

Playing with an idea is not thinking, as Dr. Johnson might ejaculate; it is merely a form of fireside sport. Thinking begins when playing with the idea ceases and gives place to working on it. While we are playing with it we are taking for granted the execution of it and letting our minds ramble along the pleasant paths that will be opened up from it; we find that they lead us to other handsome castles in the air. But when we settle down to working out our plan in all its prosy and difficult details the castles in the air vanish, the glamor of the idea fades, and eventually we are aware not of the relaxing pleasure of musing over a prospect but of the fatiguing necessity for sustained, continuous effort. Out of musing thought may come, but more often musing hurls the mind and diminishes its power to think.

## HOW ONE BOY SUCCEEDED

**DID** you read in the newspapers a few weeks ago that a young man who lives in Revere, Massachusetts, had invented a new kind of thermostat that regulates automatically the temperature of electrical apparatus; and that he had sold his patents to a manufacturing corporation for something like a million dollars? A great many people must have seen the paragraph; no doubt most of them exclaimed, "Oh, the lucky fellow!"

Let us see how much of Mr. Spencer's success is due to luck. Eighteen years ago, when he was a lad of fifteen, he had a job in a saw-mill on the edge of the Maine woods. It was part of his work to feed the boiler, which burned wood of course. Like all wood fires, this one burned irregularly. Sometimes the boiler iron was very hot, sometimes only moderately hot. The boy noticed that the iron "clean-out" door had a habit of changing its shape frequently with a sudden snap. Sometimes the door rounded inwards, and

sometimes it curved outward in convex form. A good many other men about the camp had noticed the same thing, but Spencer took the trouble to find out *why* the door acted in this way. He found that it was all a matter of temperature. When the iron was very hot it curved one way; when it cooled off it snapped back into the reverse curve.

For eighteen years the boy carried that experience in his mind, turning it over, searching for a practical use to make of the principle he had learned, experimenting, tinkering, studying. At length he hit upon a way of attaching small metal disks to electrical appliances; the disks when cool bend in one direction and make the desired electrical connection; heated to a certain point they spring into the opposite curve and break the connection; cooled again they spring back and set the current at work once more. The contrivance can be used on flat-irons, water heaters, coffee percolators and other household utensils to regulate the accumulation of heat; it promises to be no less useful to prevent the overheating of motors, generators and electrical machinery generally.

Now notice that Mr. Spencer earned the very large sum he will receive by observing attentively whatever he saw, by using his powers of intelligent thought to interpret and apply what he had observed, and by his patiently pursuing an idea that must often have been discouragingly elusive. These are traits that almost all human beings have or can acquire; but how few manifest them! Plenty of people would have heard the iron door of the boiler snap back and forth and been too dull-witted to think anything about it. Many others might have gone so far as to find out why it did so and have stopped there. Some might have tried to turn their knowledge to account only to become discouraged by the seemingly profitless expenditure of mental labor on the problem. Only the occasional man who goes the whole way wins the prize. If there is any luck in Mr. Spencer's success, we cannot see it. It looks to us like good, intelligent, thorough use of the faculties he was born with.

Not many people are gifted with the "inventive" mind, but everyone can learn to use his eyes and his brain industriously and persistently. Whatever his vocation is, he will find that it pays to do so.

## THE NEW ROMANCE OF FLORIDA

**FLORIDA**, the land of flowers, delighted the eyes and aroused the imagination of the old Spanish voyagers four hundred years ago. In its Eden-like profusion of bloom and verdure and perfume they saw the promise of every human dream of loveliness and languor. It was the earthly paradise; the mythical land of Bimini, where the Fountain of Perpetual Youth would be found. Ponce de Leon began there his extraordinary quest for that Spring of Immortality—a quest that was ended by an Indian's poisoned arrow. De Soto ranged from end to end of it in search of wonders of nature and civilization that he never found. Florida glowed for those old Spaniards with the light of romance—till they found that its tropical verdure sprang from endless swamps that bred malaria and fever; that its beauty lured men to death instead of happiness.

For generations Florida was a land of shattered dreams. Except for a scattered population along its northern border it lay abandoned. The great peninsula was thought of as an uninhabitable morass. Black and white, its population did not reach one hundred thousand until a very few years before the Civil War. Fifty years ago an Englishman passing through it called it a "trackless wilderness" south of St. Augustine, except for a settlement at Tampa and the army post at Fort Myers.

But a great change has come over the scene. People have found out the charms of Florida as a refuge from the severity of our northern winters, and they have made it our eastern Riviera as southern California is our western. They have found out its economic value as a vast orchard of tropical and sub-tropical fruits. They have found out that the marshes of Florida can be drained, and that, once drained, anything can be grown on the rich soil. They are pouring into Florida. Since the Civil War the population of the country has trebled, but that of Florida has increased tenfold. It is another chapter in the story of the American pioneer, restlessly



moving onward to subdue one wilderness after another; only these pioneers come in automobiles instead of covered wagons and need be under no apprehension concerning their scalps.

They come from every part of the Union. When two men meet in Florida, we are told they ask each other, "What state do you come from?" The native Floridians are already outnumbered. There are probably a million and a quarter people who live there all the year round, and no one knows how many more in winter. Yet they will remind you that Italy, a peninsula of about the same size, but without nearly so much fertile land, supports a population of forty millions.

Great fortunes are being made in Florida, as in all regions where a "boom" is in progress, but there are also thousands of modest and charming little homes being established there. No one expects to find the Fountain of Youth there, or an earthly paradise, planted and trimmed and waiting to be discovered. But there is romance there nevertheless, the romance of a new and bountiful land growing before our eyes into a populous, productive and highly prosperous human community. The real-estate auctioneer is not a wholly engaging figure; the commercial aspects of the "boom" are often unattractive; but beneath them proceeds steadily the building of a great and beautiful state—the new Florida.

### The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

#### THE BOSTON NEWS-LETTER

*THE Milestone Cover next week, painted by Stanley M. Aitbur, shows the scene in the printing shop of Bartholomew Green when, in the presence of Chief Justice Sewall and his daughter, John Campbell, the editor, took from the press the first copy of the first American newspaper.*

#### THIS BUSY WORLD

MUSSOLINI, the premier of Italy, is back at work again, looking and acting rather languid after his illness, but as vigorous as ever in the language he uses. A leading newspaper of New York declares that the premier is really suffering from an incurable cancer. In his first speech in the Chamber of Deputies he was very severe on the "conscienceless press" that spreads such falsehoods about the world. Whether it is a falsehood we shall know certainly before very long; in the meantime, since the fabric of the present government could hardly stand without public confidence in Mussolini's ability to sustain it, we shall receive from Rome the strongest assurances that he is steadily regaining his health.

THE policy of Soviet Russia toward private capital resembles the movement of a pendulum. It began in 1917 with the absolute prohibition of private trading and the virtual confiscation of private property commercially invested. By 1921 the country had got itself so involved in difficulty, by reason of the failure of the government to conduct all business efficiently, that Lenin was obliged to establish the New Economic Policy, which granted a limited but gradually increasing measure of toleration toward the private trader. A year or two ago, following some very strong protests from the thoroughgoing Communists, who did not at all like this modification of Marxian theory, the barriers against private capital were

suddenly put up again. The same result as before has followed, only more quickly. Internal trade is in utter confusion, and the government finds itself without the means or the knowledge of business method necessary to conduct all trade. M. Kamenef himself, one of the most doctrinaire of Communists, admits that great parts of Russia are now "trade deserts." So the Soviets have about-faced once more. They have repealed the decrees that make it unlawful for private traders to buy or sell to the state coöperatives, and they have very greatly modified the prohibitive taxation that was enacted against the tradesman a year or more ago.

AN excellent illustration of the magnitude of the great business undertakings in this country was offered by two pieces of news that appeared in the newspapers on the same day recently. A New York banking concern—and not one of those that have been considered among the largest—arranged for the purchase of an automobile-manufacturing corporation—Dodge Brothers—for about \$146,000,000. It is reported that this corporation will be the nucleus around which will be grouped other automobile concerns, until an organization is formed with a capital of several hundred millions. At the same time Mr. Doheny, who was concerned in the charges made against former Secretary Fall in connection with the leasing of the government oil lands, sold his Mexican oil interests for something like \$38,000,000 to a syndicate of bankers and oil men who are said to control more than half a billion dollars' worth of oil properties.

INCIDENTALLY it may be remarked that Mr. Robert W. Stewart, a well-known oil executive, who was believed to have some information that would have been of the utmost importance to the government in its suit against Secretary Fall and the oil interests that leased the Teapot Dome field, was abroad for a number of months while the trial at Cheyenne was in prospect and in progress. A few days after the trial was over he returned to New York. Several other oil men whose testimony was greatly desired by the lawyers representing the government are still in foreign lands on one excuse or another.

CHURCH union is going forward all over the world. In the United States the Methodist Church, which split in two at the time of the political dissensions between the North and the South seventy years ago, is apparently on the verge of coming together into one body. In Canada a still more remarkable union of Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists is being voted on. And in England the three branches of the Methodist body—the Wesleys, the Primitive Methodists and the United Methodists—have agreed to sink all minor differences and become one church. The new body has something like nine hundred thousand members and will be, we understand, the largest Nonconformist denomination in Great Britain.

AT last there is to be a bridge across the Hudson, at New York City. The legislature has appropriated money for an immediate survey, and construction may begin in another year. The bridge is not to be over that part of the river which is really part of the harbor. Tunnels and ferryboats will still carry people across from Jersey City to down-town New York. The new bridge—which will be a toll bridge, for wheeled traffic mainly—will pass from Fort Lee, New Jersey, to some point near 180th Street on Manhattan Island.

SOMETHING has happened to the weather along the "dry coast" of Peru, for it has actually rained there. According to the report of the Museum of Natural History, which has been investigating the occurrence, the last time any rain fell along this coast was in 1891. The rain ruined a great many houses, for not a roof in the region is built to withstand water; it flooded streets and farms, and the suddenly swollen water courses swept many surprised and indignant cattle out to sea. A great deal of guano was also injured or destroyed by the rain, for this district is the centre of the guano industry.

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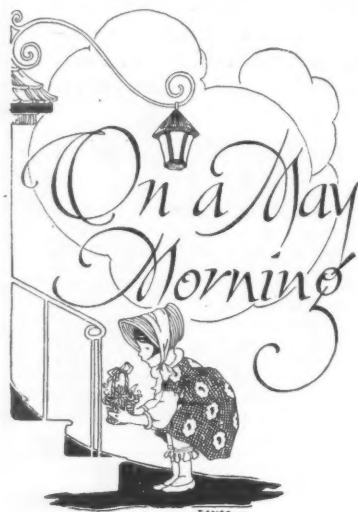


## THE FAITHFUL MEMBER

By CARRIE BELLE BOYDEN

WHEN our grandmothers were young there were no automobiles. On Sundays people rode to church in a covered buggy or in the family surrey.

David Mason was proud of his father's new, shiny surrey, and no less proud was Laddie, his collie dog. That surrey, drawn by old Mike, the largest farm horse, never left the yard on a Sunday morning without Laddie close beside it. When the family reached church Mr. Mason would hitch the horse to a post in the churchyard; then



By Pringle Barret

This basket's for Miss Sylvia Burdett. It's filled with pretty posies dripping wet; There are pansies, There are roses, There is every kind of posies, And a dainty little spray of mignonette.

And this is Lucy Lancaster McClain, Who gathered all the flowers in the rain. There's a reason Why the flowers Should be gathered during showers, But Miss Lucy's been too busy to explain.

It's very, very early in the day, But Miss Lucy had to hurry all the way. She was anxious Not to worry But she was in such a flurry, For, you see, it is the very first of May!

# The CHILDREN'S PAGE

IN MAY By Ida Reed Smith

*The tulip lifts its painted cup to catch the melted gold  
Of sunshine poured on garden beds, as much as it can hold;  
A roving band of bumblebees the tulip's treasure loots  
And steals the gold from out its cup to trim their velvet suits.*



he and his wife and Dorothy and David would go into church, and Laddie would lie down under the surrey and wait for them to come out again.

One warm Sunday morning the family arrived at church a little earlier than usual, for they wanted to greet the new minister. When they were about to go in David stopped and patted Laddie's head.

"Good-by, old fellow," he said; "I wish that I could stay out here in the shade with you today and chew a piece of timothy grass."

About the same time Laddie must have been thinking that he wished he could go into the church with the rest of the family and hear the new minister; for while the organ was playing the first hymn in came Laddie. He walked in a slow, dignified way down the main aisle to the fourth pew from the front, where the Mason family sat, Mrs. Mason first, then Dorothy, then Mr. Mason and then David near the aisle. Laddie stopped beside him and looked questioningly up into his face. David looked straight ahead and would not notice him; then Laddie placed a gentle paw up on David's knee. He was not used to being ignored.

David looked at his father, but Mr. Mason was attending to his singing book and did not see Laddie at all, and so David bent over and whispered: "Lie down, Laddie!"

Laddie, who was accustomed to obeying his little master, lay down in the aisle close to David. When the choir began to sing Laddie pricked up his ears, but David motioned him to be quiet, and not a sound did he make. At the close of the Bible lesson the minister looked down and saw the dog. David's heart thumped with anxiety, but the minister announced the next hymn just as if the appearance of a dog in church were a common happening. All through the long sermon Laddie kept perfectly quiet; sometimes he snoozed a bit with his nose tucked in between his paws, and sometimes he snapped a troublesome fly, but he did it so quietly that he disturbed no one. Mr. Mason did not know the dog was there until the sermon was nearly done. Laddie was sleeping quietly then, and Mr. Mason decided it was best to let sleeping dogs alone.

When the service was over the Mason family marched solemnly out of church.

Laddie marched solemnly out with them. David's face was very red, for many people looked at the dog and smiled. At the door the new minister was shaking hands with members of the congregation. When he clasped hands with David, his eyes twinkled.

"I should like to shake paws with this visitor today," he said, looking down at Laddie. "His conduct was excellent."

At his master's bidding Laddie solemnly gave his paw to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who shook it gently. "I like collie dogs," said the new minister, "and if he is always as good as this, he may come again."

It is a strange fact that after that Sunday Laddie always followed the Mason family into church and lay there quietly in the aisle until the service was done. Indeed, the neighbors say that one Sunday morning when the family was kept at home on account of sickness Laddie went all the way to church alone, walked in and lay down at the entrance to the Mason pew. When the service was done he walked

## THE SALAMANDER

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

Few have seen the salamander,  
For he's very, very shy.  
He could not be like the gander

Should he try.

Oh, the gander is much grander  
In his shiny feathers dressed,  
But I rather like the salamander best!



quietly out with the rest of the congregation and went home. The new minister always called him "the faithful member of his congregation."

## HERE'S SPRING!

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

Wind is all a-flutter  
Up and down the hills;  
Little girls are dancing gay  
Among the daffodils.  
Bobbing bonnet, tossing curl—  
Which is blossom? Which is girl?

Woods are full of chuckling  
And sudden tinkly chimes:  
Is it water in a brook

Or some one saying rimes?  
Hark, a whistle keen with joy—  
That a blackbird or a boy?

Comes a piper piping  
Down a scalloped lane;  
Silver's in the moonlight now,  
A ripple in the rain.  
Treasure's over in the hollow—  
Who will follow, follow, follow?





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## STAMPS TO STICK

The large supply of beginners' packets, containing album, stamps and hinges, offered to Companion subscribers in the March Stamps to Stick column was exhausted in a short time. If the Department Editor succeeds in obtaining more of the outfits, the offer will be renewed.

**"THE UGLIEST STAMP."**—Several years ago while a congress of the Universal Postal Union was in session in Madrid King Alfonso XIII of Spain is said to have remarked that "the ugliest stamp in the world is our Rio de Oro; it honors neither the artist who engraved it nor the person it portrays." The person it portrayed was King Alfonso himself. We quote his comment at this time because Spain has begun to issue stamps of the peseta denominations with an entirely new portrait of the King—and collectors are smiling.

Portraits of Alfonso have figured on Spanish stamps longer than the likenesses of any other ruler. His first picture, taken when he was a baby, appeared on Spanish stamps of 1889 and on Spanish colonial stamps of that period, including those of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The series remained in use approximately twelve years—a remarkably long time in Spain, for, owing to extensive forgeries, during the previous thirty-two years no fewer than twenty-five different issues had appeared.

Alfonso appeared as a curly headed boy of eleven years on Spanish war-tax stamps of the period of the Spanish-American War and on the regular postage stamps of 1900, at which time he was a military cadet.

In 1907 a new portrait appeared on the stamps. A series was issued to commemorate the Madrid exhibition of that year, and a portrait of Alfonso's youthful queen was shown also, each picture in a panel. That issue is little known to collectors, for the stamps were sold only on the exhibition grounds and were never used to pay postage, though they were officially authorized. The commemorative series is not listed in American or in British catalogues.

In 1909 still another portrait appeared—a drawing by Don Bartolomé Maura of the Madrid mint. The fancy frame so overwhelmed the tiny portrait that the stamps were never popular with the Spanish people or with collectors.

In 1922 appeared on the centimo, or lower, values the portrait current today on those denominations. It is a full-face picture designed by Don Enrique Vaquer, a Spanish engraver internationally known. The peseta values now beginning to appear are the high denominations of the series that began to be issued in 1922. The new portrait, also by Vaquer, is in profile and shows the king in the uniform of a captain-general. The stamps are more artistically engraved than any other recent Spanish stamps, though the printing and perforating are rather poor.

**LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.**—To commemorate the 150th anniversary of the firing of the first shot in the Revolutionary War, in April of 1775, the government has issued a series of three stamps that carry appropriate designs. The 1-cent, green, shows Washington taking command of the Continental Army under the famous elm in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The 2-cent, red, shows the Dawn of Liberty—the Battle of Lexington, on April 19, 1775. On the 5-cent, blue, appear the Minute Men at Concord.

The stamps are of the same size as the current special-delivery stamp. They were first put on sale at post offices in New England and at Washington, D. C. Congress authorized them at its recent session.

Because of the press of work at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing the promised Norse-American centennial series, described recently in The Companion, and promised for April 1, will not appear until some time in May.

**OTHER NEW U. S. STAMPS.**—The enactment of the bill advancing the wages of postal employees made it necessary to issue new stamps—a 1-cent and a 1 1/2-cent added to the regular series; a 1 1/2-cent stamped envelope; 15-cent and 20-cent special-delivery stamps; and also a 25-cent "special handling" stamp.

At the time when the Post Office Department announced that these stamps would appear the color of the 1-cent stamp had not been decided upon, but the design is a portrait of Nathan Hale. The 1 1/2-cent, light brown, carries a portrait of Warren G. Harding—the same picture that appears on the 2-cent, black, Harding memorial stamp issued after the late President died. The 1 1/2-cent stamped envelope bears the familiar profile of Washington. On the 15-cent special-delivery, canary yellow, is the same design that appears on the 10-cent special-delivery. On the 20-cent special-delivery appears a motor mail wagon standing before the Washington City post office. The 15-cent stamp is for use on parcels of two to ten pounds' weight and the 20-cent on parcels that weigh more than ten pounds. The 25-cent "special handling" stamp, plain blue, is to prepay postage for handling, transporting and delivering parcel-post packages at the speed at which first-class mail is moved.

**THE GARUDA.**—Among the first stamps to appear in the new year are the promised aeroplane series of Siam—the first four values, issued on January 1, being 3 satangs, brown; 5 satangs, green; 15 satangs, carmine; 25 satangs, indigo. The other announced denominations are 2 satangs, 10 satangs, 50 satangs and 1 baht.

The uniform design, which has been used before on the stamps of Siam, is the Garuda, a mythical king of birds, half eagle and half man, on which the Hindu god Vishnu is supposed to ride. The device figures in repose on the royal coat of arms of Siam and is represented as in flight, with arms outstretched and wings spread. It is one of the most curious designs on any stamp.

Engraved and printed in London, the stamps are transverse oblong in shape. At the top appear the words "Siam Air-Mail" and the value. The words and value appear also at the bottom, but in the native language.

Siam began to experiment with mail-carrying aeroplanes in 1920. Machines carried

letters from Bangkok to Chantabon in an hour, as compared with two days by steamship. In 1922 the service was improved, but it was not until April 1, 1923, that the postal rate for a letter transported by "flying machine" was raised to twenty satangs, or double the ordinary rate. Until now ordinary Siamese stamps have been used for that class of mail. The Department of Posts and Telegraphs is planning to extend the air service to the various Malay states and to India and French Indo-China.

**NEW AUSTRIAN RATES.**—There has been a fifty-per-cent increase in the postal rates in Austria, which has resulted recently in the appearance of new stamps, including a 700-krone, purple brown, and an 800-krone, violet, of the "wheat ear" type; a 1500-krone, orange, and a 4000-krone, blue on bluish paper, of the inverted pagoda design; and a 1500-krone, claret, and a 3000-krone, claret, postage due.

Late in January Austria began withdrawing all stamps expressed in the terms of kronen, and they are being replaced by adhesives in the denominations of the recently adopted schilling. One schilling is equivalent to 10,000 of the now-abandoned krone. The schilling is equal in value approximately to the present reichsmark of Germany. Undoubtedly there remain large stocks of stamps with values expressed in kronen, and it will not surprise philatelists if the adhesives withdrawn appear surcharged with new schilling denominations.

**EMPRESS JINGO.**—Owing to the destruction by the Japanese earthquake of the plates for stamps of the high values new five-yen and ten-yen stamps have appeared. The design for each is a portrait of the Empress Jingo, who, according to Japanese legend, after the death of her husband, the Emperor Chuai, invaded Korea with her army in the year 200, and returned victorious. Historians are skeptical of any such invasion, since it is not mentioned either in the history of Korea itself or in the history of China, to which Korea then belonged. Nevertheless, the supposed incident is counted as a landmark in Japanese history, and the Empress Jingo, who reigned from 200 to 270 A.D., is still worshipped in Japan. The Emperor Chuai was the fourteenth mikado.

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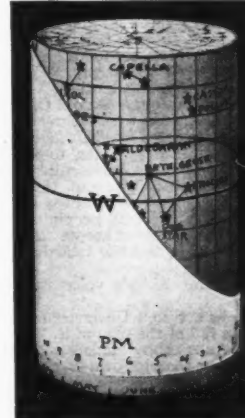
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## THE TWO MESSENGERS

By Dysart McMullen

One brought me from my counting house;  
I followed up the cobbled street.  
Mad April was right fair that year,  
The gardens on the hillside sweet.  
And past the gate and up the walk  
I hurried to my latticed hall:  
"A son—and she is well," they said.  
How clearly I remember all!

And twenty Aprils lift to May!  
And twenty Autumns dip to snow!  
Once more within my counting house  
A hurried messenger I know.  
A silence holds the dusty room;  
Beyond the door I hear them say:  
"A pity! Yes, an only son—  
"Our army down Cold Harbor way."

## THE BOY WITHOUT HANDS

IN an English orphanage there is a boy without hands who edits a school magazine. By putting together the stumps of his two crippled arms he holds his pen, and he has learned to write with a delicacy of touch that is almost incredible. The report of the orphanage gives a specimen of his writing; it is a prayer for the Boy Scouts and is taken from a booklet that he copied and then presented to the chaplain at the dedication of the Scouts' colors. It reads: "Give them courage, and may their courage ever rest in their sure confidence in Thee. May they show self-control in the hour of success, patience in the time of adversity; and may their honor lie in seeking the honor and glory of thy great Name."

The prayer must have been answered in this boy's case. He must have shown uncommon courage and patience in overcoming the loss of his hands.

He is a scout, one of a troop that includes boys with deformed limbs, artificial legs or no legs at all. When he came up for his tenderfoot test and had to tie various knots the scout-master, who wanted to make it easy for him, suggested that if he tied one of the six knots usually required, that would suffice to win his badge.

"No fear," said the lad. "I won't take the badge if I can't tie the lot."

He tied all of them and got his badge on the same conditions as all the others.

That boy is like a certain English gardener; although the gardener also was without hands, he somehow managed to have the loveliest garden in his part of the country. Folk came for miles to see it.

If misfortune comes to us, it is good to remember such people. They teach us that life can still have its achievements, and that triumph is the sweeter for the obstacles we overcome.

## UNCLE DAN'S LITTLE GIRL

BARBARA had been gone only ten minutes, but already the house was full of strange poignant loneliness. Aunt Abby's eyes avoided Uncle Dan's.

"It was real nice of Barbry to give us those three days when she was going on that trip and all," she said.

"She used to stay all summer," Uncle Dan replied shortly.

"But that was when she was a little girl, father," said Aunt Abby. "We couldn't expect it now that she's grown up and in college. It wouldn't be right to keep her in a dull little country place with two old folks."

Uncle Dan looked up sharply. "You find it dull when you was young, mother?"

"Why, father, what a question! Of course I didn't. But young folks were different then."

Uncle Dan hammered his chair fiercely. "It's all wrong, mother. Barbry's goin' to be married one of these days. What's she learnin' to get her ready for it, gallivantin' about the country summer after summer? What does she know about being neighbors with people or helping nurse if anybody's sick or keepin' the church goin'? I told her so, and she talked about organization—"

"Father!" Aunt Abby's voice was full of dismay.

"Yes, I told her so," Uncle Dan repeated. His eyes were full of the pain of it.

Suddenly Aunt Abby understood. It was something bigger than his own disappointment that was hurting him. She reached across and patted his knee. "Don't you worry, father. Barbry's havin' her fling now like other young folks, but she'll pull up and face things square when there's any need."

Even then the test was at the door. The next day Uncle Dan was brought home with a broken leg. There were complications, and for a week he was delirious. Then one day he looked up feebly. Some one was sitting at the window, some one with soft brown hair—

"Barbry!" he said in a queer voice.

Barbara flew to him. "It's all right, dear. I made Aunt Abby lie down; she's been up all night—"

But Aunt Abby was in the room, again, sobbing. "Dan, Dan!"

"Ain't nuthin' to fuss over," Uncle Dan said peevishly. "Why ain't she on her trip?"

It was Barbara herself that replied. "She

isn't on her trip because she's found something better to do. You were right, Uncle Dan; there's nothing so wonderful as real living!"

## CLASSIC PUZZLES

HOWEVER new the violent craze for cross-word puzzles may be and however likely to wane in the near future, the liking of mankind for puzzles of one kind and another is older than the Pyramids. Kings, captains, conquerors, men of science and of letters have at different periods yielded to the fascinating diversion of solving and creating puzzles. In the New York Times Mr. Joseph Moncre March has recently called attention to some famous examples, traditional and historical, of the puzzles of the past.

The legend that Homer, the immortal bard of Greece, wandered unrecognized and outcast through the streets to die finally of starvation grows pale, he declares, before the equally authentic fable that the poet died of chagrin because he could not guess the answer to the following riddle: "What we caught we threw away; what we could not catch we kept."

Plutarch, who is the recorder of this version of Homer's end, treats freely of puzzle problems and riddles. In the Banquet of the Seven Wise Men he records numerous examples, among them one by a wise and witty woman who was noted for her riddles, "which she frames and invents to recreate herself with as much pleasure as other maidens make nets and girdles."

As many young students are aware, Euclid's conception of intellectual problems was rather painfully severe; yet even he could relax sufficiently on occasion to propound for diversion as pretty a specimen as this:

"Nine muses with roses met three graces with golden apples. Each of the muses gave to each of the graces, and each of the graces gave to each of the muses, so that the store of each was finally alike. How many had each?"

But the master problem designed for mathematical entertainment is the cattle problem sent by Archimedes in a letter to his correspondent, Eratosthenes, the Cyrenian. Whether Eratosthenes solved it is unknown; probably he did not, for the computation calls for such enormous groups of figures that in modern times only one person, an indefatigable and industrious German mathematician, has even pretended to have worked it out. But here it is:

"Compute, O friend, the number of the cattle of the sun which once grazed upon the plains of Sicily. They were divided into four herds according to color: One milk-white, one black, one dappled and one yellow. The number of bulls is greater than the number of cows, and the relations between them are as follows:

"White bulls:  $\frac{1}{2}$  plus 1-3 black bulls plus yellow bulls.

"Black bulls:  $\frac{1}{4}$  plus 1-5 dappled bulls plus yellow bulls.

"Dappled bulls:  $\frac{1}{6}$  plus 1-7 white bulls plus yellow bulls.

"White cows:  $\frac{1}{3}$  plus  $\frac{1}{4}$  black herd.

"Black cows:  $\frac{1}{4}$  plus 1-5 dappled herd.

"Dappled cows:  $\frac{1}{5}$  plus 1-6 yellow herd.

"Yellow cows:  $\frac{1}{6}$  plus 1-7 white herd.

"If thou canst give, O friend, the number of each kind of bulls and cows, thou art no novice in numbers, yet cannot be regarded as of high skill. Consider, however, the following additional relations between the bulls of the sun:

"White bulls plus black bulls equal a square number. Dappled bulls plus yellow bulls equal a triangular number. If thou hast computed these also, O friend, and know the total number of cattle, then exult as a conqueror, for thou hast proved thyself most skilled in numbers!"

## OLD-FASHIONED "RAHWAY BANDITS"

HERE is a "tall" story that is hard to match. While mother and father and I, says a Kansas reader, were motoring in New Jersey in the summer of 1919, we stopped one night just outside a little town and decided to camp close by a boiler factory.

The night was very hot, and I couldn't sleep, so I crawled out of the tent. But the world-famed "Jersey skeeters" soon discovered me. I noticed a couple of iron boiler shells lying by the roadside and climbed inside one. I was just dozing off when I was startled by a terrible rat-a-tat-tat on the boiler. Seizing a hammer, I cautiously peered forth. What I saw made me gasp. There on the outside was a huge mosquito trying to drill through the boiler to get at me!

Well, I was pretty badly frightened, but luckily I kept cool. Ducking back into the boiler, I waited until the mosquito's bill came through: then I bent it over with the hammer, as a carpenter clinches a nail.

Meanwhile the loud noise the mosquito made had attracted others, and by the time I had securely fastened and clinched the first one three more were drilling away; the noise they made was deafening. As fast as their bills came through I bent and clinched them with the hammer. In all I think I must have clinched twenty-five or thirty mosquitoes to that old boiler. Then the racket ceased, and I went to sleep.

Awakening the next morning, I noticed that the boiler was swaying. I looked out and was

horrified to see the ground some two miles below me! Those "skeeters" had flown away with the boiler. Again my coolness came to the rescue. Picking up the hammer, I straightened out the bills of some seven or eight mosquitoes, thus releasing them. Presently I felt myself gradually falling.

In thirty minutes we alighted gracefully in a field close by the road. Stopping a motorist, I asked where I was and learned that I was some fifteen miles from where I had been the night before. The motorist was going that way, and he kindly offered to take me along. Being a native of New Jersey, he was not at all astonished at the story I told him. We arrived at the town just in time to stop a search party that my father had organized to find me.

## MR. PEASLEE'S BLUE GANDER

CALEB PEASLEE looked both distressed and amused, and Deacon Hyne, observing as much, was moved to ask the reason.

"I d'know sometimes," replied Caleb, answering the question indirectly, "whether a farmer don't have to fight for what stuff he manages to raise more'n the wuth of it. Seems to me he does by spells."

"Who've you had to fight now?" asked the deacon.

"Wal, it's who and what, and it's most all the time," Caleb said soberly. "If I had the makin' of triflin' laws, I d'know but I'd make it a misd'meanor for a farmer to plant early apples—say Red Astrachans or Bell's Early—alongside the highway where boys could see 'em on their way to and from school. Take it with winter apples," he explained, "by the time they get fur 'nough long to eat everybody's got apples, and there ain't any object for boys to meddle. But there's some kin betwixt a small boy and early fall apples, p'ticularly red ones."

"Then if you raise cabbages," he went on, "you've got to begin to look after 'em as soon's they get their heads above ground, or the cutworms git to 'em ahead of you. I'll bet," and he indicated his thrifty garden with a wave of his hand, "that I've dug risin' four quarts dry measure of cutworms out of 'em cabbages—and I'll dig out as many more b'fore I get 'em into the shed this fall."

"A man that plants a cherry tree is plantin' trouble," he continued in half humorous complaint, "for the robins like cherries jest as well as he does and mebbe better, and they'd jest as soon git up an hour earlier'n he does as not. So, if he has a middlin' good crop of cherries, it's a steady fight between him and the robins to see which gits 'em; and most of the time the birds best him. Same way with apples; 'less he sprays and looks after 'em, the blight gits 'em or the worms—it's one steady struggle for him to raise anything, seems 'sif."

"But at the same time," he said, and the amusement again became evident in his face, "a man has a streak of luck once in a while, and it kind of offsets some of the labor and trouble he has as a reg'lar thing. I've jest had one piece like that, though I s'pose the old gander wouldn't have chose to be the instr'ment if he could have had his say about it."

"I've never seen the crows as bad as they've been this year, and they've bothered me most to distraction over that piece of corn I've got down behind the barn. Partly of course it's on 'count of its bein' where it is, so the barn hides it if I'm up here round the house. I've made scarecrows that'd daunt 'em for a day or so, but they'd git wanted to 'em and come right back b'fore the corn could git start 'nough to take care of itself."

"I tied up bright pieces of tin too. Sometimes that'll seem to hold 'em off, but it didn't do as well as I was hopin' it would, and I've strung twine and rope all over the field to see if they'd be scared to go inside it, thinkin' it was some kind of a trap. But they've come jest the same in spite of all I could do. The only thing that seemed to make 'em at all wary was when I turned the geese down there to git what worms there was on the surface; the crows give 'em a wide berth, but they didn't leave c'mpletely—jest kep' on the fur ridge of the cornfield away from the geese, and after a spell they was damagin' the corn 'bout as bad as ever."

"This mornin' I'd jest opened a two-quart pail of farm-wagon blue paint and was goin' to tech up my tip cart when my wife found out she was out of starch, and I had to leave things and go to the store for her. I made what haste I could, for I wanted to git at them wagons while the weather is dryin' and bright; and I'd got the starch and back as far as the knoll that looks on my corn when I heard a cawin' and squallin' out of them crows—and I didn't have to be a bird to understand their lingo. They was cawin' terrified, jest as they do when they're 'bout scared to death. And when I got to the top of the knoll and looked down I didn't wonder much if they were."

"While I'd been gone my wife had turned the geese out of the yard, and the old gander, bein' a venturesome kind of a bird, had seen that pail of open paint, and he didn't know—why should he?—but what there was somethin' for him to eat in that pail. Anyway, 'cordin' to my wife's story, he made right for that paint, which was settin' titillish on a box, and b'fore she could head him he'd upset it—and of all the messes! He'd had his neck stretched up to git whatever was in the pail, and he got it—'bout all of it too, I sh'd judge!

"But it takes a lot to disturb a gander much, and as soon's he found it wa'n't anything to eat he was done with it; he shook himself a few times and got the paint evened up over himself, and then he took the lead and the whole flock struck off down into the cornfield."

"And I got along jest when he led 'em into the field—jest as the crows ketched the first sight of him. 'Course I don't know jest what their thoughts were,—s'posin' a crow has thoughts,—but it looked to me 'sif a white gander was bad 'nough, but a blue one was past bearin'. Anyway in ten seconds there wa'n't a crow in sight."

"Do you s'pose," the deacon wanted to know, "that they'll keep away now?"

"All I've got to go by," Caleb said, "was their actions when they left; they not only acted 'sif they wa'n't comin' back—they acted 'sif they never cal'lated to stop goin'! But if they do come back," he concluded comfortably, "I've still got the gander, and I can git more blue paint. I d'know, though," he added speculatively, "mebbe I'll stripe him some fancy color next time, s'posin' it's needed!"

## A NEGLIGIBLE DETAIL

GOOD reporters, they say in newspaper offices, are born, not made. Certainly some men who can write cleverly never acquire the "nose for news" that a reporter needs if he is to be successful. Mr. Lincoln Springfield, on the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette, and the London Opinion, tells in his book of reminiscences of one such man, whom he calls Jewell.

Down at Blackwall at the Thames Ironworks, he writes, H. M. S. Albion was to be launched one June afternoon by the Duchess of York (the present queen); and this occurred to me to be just the kind of story that Jewell would do prettily and gracefully.

Sure enough, Jewell wrote a brilliant description of the scene—the nearest thing to a Turner sunset that you could get in manuscript. I was on the point of sending it up to the compositors and was glowing with pleasure over my judgment in having selected Jewell for the job when a messenger placed on my desk a report from the tape machine, announcing that thirty people had been drowned at the launching. As the ship took the water the displacement had submerged a staging where masses of spectators were assembled. Several hundred of them were thrown into the water, and more than thirty could not be rescued. In Jewell's masterpiece of scenic effect there had not been a hint of any disaster, of anything at all untoward.

I demanded an explanation from Jewell. Hadn't he seen anything of the catastrophe?

"Well," replied the languid Jewell, "I did see some people bobbing about in the water as I came away, but I didn't stay to see why they were there."

## JESSE GRANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A PRETTY little story of the affection and tenderness of General Grant toward his children is contained in Mr. Jesse Grant's reminiscences of his boyhood in the White House, published in Harper's Magazine.

The memory of Grandfather Grant, he writes, brings back to me a disappointment through which I came to a happiness that remains one of my dearest memories. I was more than nine years old before I attended school. This to Grandfather Grant was reprehensible neglect upon the part of my parents. Often grandfather protested to father, only to meet the quiet assurance, "School must come soon enough." But one day, apropos of the old school question, Grandfather Grant said to me:

"When you can write me a letter, Jesse, I am going to give you this gold watch." And he

## CONGESTION IN THE DESERT



Papa Green Lizard: "That's the second person this summer, my dear. This district is getting altogether too suburban."

—Lawson Wood in the Tatler.



drew from his pocket the enormous hunting-case watch he had carried for years.

Under the stimulus of this promised reward I applied myself so diligently that a month later I wrote a letter to grandfather, reminding him of his promise. That first letter brought a reply, but not the expected watch.

"You are still too young to own so handsome a watch, Jesse, but as soon as I am convinced that you will not play quibbles with it you shall have it."

A year later I still remembered grandfather's promise and mentioned to father that I thought I should again write to grandfather about it. It was then but a few weeks before Christmas.

"I should not write," said father. "Wait until you see him again."

Father at once went to Galt's and purchased a small gold watch. He brought it home before dinner that evening and exhibited it to mother and Nellie, pledging them to secrecy. "This is Jesse's Christmas present," he explained.

Then when we were at dinner father drew the watch from his pocket and handed it to me. "Here is your watch, Jesse."

"Why, Ulys!" exclaimed mother. "You said that was his Christmas present."

Father turned to me with his slow, understanding smile. "Jesse doesn't want to wait until Christmas, and neither do I," he said.

I have received many gifts during the years that stretch behind me, many others from father and mother; but not one brought and held the thrill that came with this present that father could not keep until Christmas. It brought me then something far sweeter than satisfaction in the gift, something I felt without understanding, and it remains with me now in understanding, a joy that can never fade.

#### JOHNNY APPLESEED

FOR a century, says an exchange, Ohio people have been giving thanks to John Chapman, a Massachusetts man born in 1775, who went to Ohio in 1800 with a number of sacks filled with apple seeds. He carried the sacks on the back of his horse. He sold apple seeds when he could, but if he could not make a sale he gave the seeds away.

Johnny Appleseed as he came to be known, was a missionary of the very finest type. He was a deeply religious man and was much interested in the doctrines of Swedenborg. He carried with him one of Swedenborg's books, which he had divided into parts. He would leave a part with a family who were able to read and on a future visit would exchange the pages for others. In that way he may be said to have started the first circulating library west of the Alleghenies.

Not only did he distribute seeds but he often attended to the planting of an orchard. He wanted fruit-bearing trees to spring from his seeds, and he used to spend a great deal of time telling his customers how to take care of their orchards. Because of his earnestness and his likable disposition Johnny Appleseed was an unusually successful salesman. Of course his object in life was not to make money. He didn't need much money for his own personal wants. Although he wandered about from place to place, he was in no sense a beggar. He more than paid his way. Many a lonely homesteader welcomed him because of the good cheer that he brought. When he died in 1847 he was the owner of his own simple home and left about two thousand dollars.

In many cities in Ohio you will find monuments erected to the memory of Johnny Appleseed, who served his fellow men because he loved them.

#### THE PIG DEFENDED

NOT long ago The Companion quoted from a book by Mrs. Anne Bosworth Greene some remarks about her pig Belinda that rather disparaged the intelligence and emotional nature of the porcine race. We are pleased to record that several readers at once hastened to defend the pig family, relating numerous examples of the affection and intelligence of pigs that they had observed. We cannot print all the letters we received; from them we select two that must serve to indicate the nature of all.

"I cannot agree that a hog is unsuited for a pet," writes a contributor from Kansas, "or that his intelligence is low. Our farm often has a herd of several hundred hogs on it, and all of them are gentle and docile and marvels of talkativeness and good habits. Certainly I do not brandish the shovel handle at them in token of friendship, for what human being would respond kindly to the wave of a club if he didn't know and had no way of telling whether it was meant in friendship? My hogs are intelligent; they know a friend instinctively and, once rebuffed in a rude or unkindly manner, they make no further advances of friendship toward the rude person, but go off expressing their deep disgust in gruff ugh-ugh-ughs. If I am in the pen, they usually come to me for consolation and ask for it by looking up at me and saying, 'Hoe, hoe! Ush, ush, ush-sh!' and by rubbing their noses on me. If I begin to pet one of them, the tone of his voice changes to one of pleasure and kindness and finally of contentment and at the end lapses into mere deep breathing. Soon after that, if I continue to scratch him, he is asleep."

"No matter where I see any of my hogs, if I call out, 'Hog, hog! Hoggie, hoggie!' they never fail to answer me, and they usually come to me talking all the while in 'hog Latin.' I suppose I have learned to understand almost every sound made by a hog. There is no animal that has so complete or varied a language as the lowly pig, and I might say too that except the goose probably no common farm animal talks so much. There is no farm animal that is so fond of petting, or that will take more abuse from the master if he is usually kind."

"A hog is naturally clean and if given the chance will keep his bed cleaner by far than any other farm animal. A hog loves a clean sweet bed and will repay you many times over if you will only see to it that his quarters are cleaned thoroughly and often."

"Few if any animals can compare favorably with the sow as a mother. If given liberty, a sow will go off into the weeds or woods, choose a well-drained site close to water and feed and fairly remote from the haunts of man and there build herself a home. With her nose she roots out a trench long enough but not quite wide enough for her body; then she carried weeds, old grass or the like to line it with. If it rains and the little pigs get wet or cold, she gets them down into the trench and covers them with her udders. In that way a sow will bring her litter safe through many days of cold, rainy weather."

So writes the subscriber in Kansas. A New England subscriber writes as follows:

"I am convinced that there must have been something lacking in Mrs. Greene's advances toward her pig, or their friendship for each other would have been more genial. Now, I have a pig, a black and white pig, Punjab, with one black ear and one white ear,—and our mutual understanding is complete. In the morning I go out to Punjab's realm. 'Hello, Punjab,' I say. 'Want to go for a run?'"

"Punjab utters a few excited little grunts, flaps her black ear, wiggles her tail and watches me with her little round shortsighted eyes while I unfasten the gate. When the gate is open I step back quickly and quietly because it is necessary, if not quite fair, that I should get a head start."

"Here, Punjab; here, Punjab. Come on, Punjab." There is a long, low, scrappy grunt behind me followed by high-pitched squeaks, and we go racing across the field and down the orchard until we are both quite out of breath or until Punjab, disregarding all rules of traffic, runs underfoot, and sends me tumbling into the grass.

"I walk up to the house. Punjab follows at my heels. I pat her back. She capers round and noses my apron or rubs gently up against my legs and slumps down at my feet, nibbling at the grass. That is a sign that she wants her back rubbed. I find a small stick, for, although Punjab is clean for a pig,—like Belinda,—almost anything is better for the purpose than the bare palm. She grunts, but I understand. Her grunts are soft, happy and contented. After a while she closes her eyes to think of soaked bread and other things that pigs like."

"We go on up to the house. She grunts at the kitchen door while I talk to her through the screening and fill her pail with sour milk. Then we go back to her pen together. She runs ahead of me nearly all the way, for she knows perfectly well what is in that pail. If I cease talking to her, she turns to discover why her mistress is not coming."

"Yes, my pig and I understand each other. Often when I open her gate she rushes pell-mell down one row of the fodder corn that grows near her pen and at my call comes charging up the next."

"There!" exclaims my brother triumphantly. 'Explain why she does that!' But I only smile. Would he understand if I told him that when I am sure that the neighbors aren't looking I myself run down the tall rows simply to feel the brushing of the long leaves?"

#### A VOICE FROM THE BACK OF THE HALL

OUR political candidates, to whom our customs almost invariably give a respectful hearing—or at least a hearing,—are more fortunate than the British politicians. In England "heckling" is a practice made sacred by years of toleration. A public speaker has to be prepared to meet every sort of interruption, either by facetious questions or downright tumult.

Amid the din and uproar, says the Tatler, the parliamentary candidate was trying to get a hearing.

"Mr. Chairman," he said in exasperated tones, "I've been on my feet for about ten minutes, but there is so much hooliganism and interruption that I can hardly hear myself speaking!"

"Cheer up, guv'nor," came a voice from the back of the hall. "Cheer up. You ain't missin' much."

#### NEW ENGLAND THRIFT

THE proverbial thrift of the New Englander is said to be founded on this maxim:

Eat it up;  
Wear it out;  
Make it do;  
And go without.

## "8" COMBINATION LOX-LID ALUMINUM COOKING SET

HERE is a Set of cooking utensils that will go a long way toward satisfying the desire of every housekeeper for a complete aluminum kitchen outfit. The Set consists of four pieces, so made that they fit together perfectly in various combinations to form eight different utensils such as are needed in the kitchen every day the year round. Each piece is stamped out of a solid sheet of aluminum, without seams or soldered joints. Their practicability, by virtue of the heavy gage hard aluminum from which they are made, the superior workmanship put into their construction, the finely polished outside, the inside sun-ray finish, and the new Lox-Lid draining cover are features that will be appreciated by every housewife.

This is one of the most attractive as well as the most practical articles we have ever offered. Combining the four pieces will make the eight useful utensils described on this page.



### The Lox-Lid Way

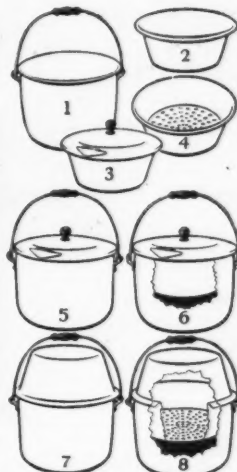
HAVE you ever tried to drain the water from potatoes, beans and other vegetables only to have the food spill into the sink? Have you ever been obliged to hold the kettle awkwardly with one hand, with the other on the lid while the steam escaped and scalded your fingers?

If you have to contend with these annoyances, the advantages of the Lox-Lid with its special features will certainly appeal to you. The perforated draining cover is tightly held in place: a pressure of the thumb on the latch and click! The cover is lifted—no scalded fingers, no wasted food.

### HOW TO GET THIS FINE SET

ASK a friend or neighbor to give you his subscription for The Youth's Companion for one year. Send the address to us with the subscription money and seventy-five cents extra and we will send you one of these "8" Combination Aluminum Lox-Lid Cooking Sets. The Set will be sent by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by receiver. If parcel post shipment is desired, ask your postmaster how much postage you should send us for a 4-lb. package. The subscription price is \$2.50.

NOTE: This Set is given only to a present Companion subscriber to pay him for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past year.



The Youth's Companion  
Boston Massachusetts



## DODGE BROTHERS TYPE-A SEDAN

Whether the buyer relies upon his own first impression, the tribute of owners, the reputation of Dodge Brothers, or whether, going deeper, he compares and examines the Type-A Sedan part by part, the result is invariably the same.

He recognizes the car's fundamental worth at a glance. He hears the sort of testimony a tried product inspires. And on further examination he discovers the sort of workmanship and materials which Dodge Brothers have employed in building their own good name.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT  
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED  
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